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ON

Bequest of

Burton

E.

Stevenson

Chillicothe

Ohio



GREEN PASTURES.

1884



The Elizabethan Library.



Augustinus in eadem idem: Cap. 1

Domine Iesu, da cordi meo te deservare
deservendo quæree, quærendo mereare,
mereando amare, amando mala mea redimere
non iterare. Da domine deus meus
cordi meo penitentiam, spiritui Confessionem,
oculis Lachrymarum fontem, orei Castitatem,
manibus Etæ mosuque longitatem, ut totus figuris
mi me, qui totus sacrificii sum, Amen

Augustinus



Green Pastures:

Being Choice Extracts from
the Works of Robert Greene,
M.A., of both Universities
1560(?) - 1592. Made by
Alexander B.

Grofart



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Burton E. Stevenson

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INTRODUCTION.

FROM an Author so voluminous that his collective 'Life and Works' extend to no fewer than fifteen considerable volumes (in the 'Huth Library'), the difficulty has not been to find materials for a volume of our Elizabethan Library, but what to select. For example, it was very soon discovered that some of his most characteristic writings must be left absolutely untouched, inasmuch as any one, e.g., of the Coney-catching Series, or of the Autobiographical Series, would alone overflow into two or more such volumes, so matterful are they, and so impossible is it to represent their highest qualities by brief extracts. In reluctantly but inevitably leaving these aside, I venture to say that no books contain more vivid word-pictures of English low-life in the reign of Elizabeth than do these. They are bitten in with marvellous Dutch-

like minuteness of touch. As for his personal narratives of penitence and confession, I for one do not envy the man who can read them with unwet eyes. There is a burning truth, a pathetic integrity, a weird power about them that neighbour these sadly little known books with De Quincey's 'Confessions,' and reduce to commonplace those of Rousseau. The letters and appeals to his wife and evil associates thrill to-day the most fish-blooded reader. Only such a ghoul as Gabriel Harvey could doubt their sincerity. I indulge the hope that some readers of these words of mine, and of this booklet, will be stirred to seek access to the following (their title-pages summarily given):

I. CONEY-CATCHING SERIES.

(a) *A notable Discovery of coofnage now daily practised by sundry lewd persons called Connie-catchers and Crosse-biters . . . 1591.*

(b) *The second parte . . . 1591.*

(c) *The thirde parte . . . with the new devised knavisb art of Foole-taking . . . 1592.*

(d) *A Disputation between a Hee Conny-Catcher and a Shee Conny-Catcher . . .*
1592.

(e) *The Black Bookes Messenger, laying open the Life and Death of Ned Browne, one of the most notable Cutpurses, Cross-biters and Conny-catchers that ever lived in England . . .* 1592. Then must be read (*Works*, vol. xi., pp. 39-104) the attack on above books.

(f) *The Defence of Conny-catching, or a Confutation of those two injurious Pamphlets, published by R. G., against the practitioners of many nimble-witted and mystical Sciences . . .* 1592.

2. AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SERIES.

(g) *Green's Groat's-worth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance . . .* 1592.

(h) *The Repentance of Robert Greene, Master of Artes . . .* 1592.

(i) *Greene's Vision, written at the instant of his death . . .* 1592.

To these must be added his numerous

Epistles-dedicatory and prefatory. They have all personal allusions of the most interesting sort. I should gladly have brought them together. I have been compelled to limit myself to a single example—the Epistle-dedicatory to ‘Perimides the Blacksmith.’ There is exceptional graciousness and daintiness of phrasing in all his Epistles.

After exclusion (speaking broadly) of the whole of these, there remain materials for at least five separate volumes equal to the present.

(a) APOPHTHEGMS AND APT SAYINGS, many of them long passed into proverbs, albeit certain were probably contemporary proverbs that were worked into the several books. Our few ‘handfuls of purpose’ will demonstrate how full a harvest might have been reaped in this field.

(b) THE PLAYS. Eheu! eheu! We have the mere ‘flotsam and jetsam’ of his prolific pen ‘for the theatre.’ But in the two volumes of his Works (xiii. and xiv.) his four surviving Plays abound in ‘brave

translunary things.' We have striven to present typical specimens. It was our good fortune to be the first to reclaim the extremely remarkable play of 'Selimus' for Greene.

(c) MANNERS, CUSTOMS, FASHIONS, games and sports, superstitions, town and country goings, odd characters, feasts and festivals, etc., etc., find all but inexhaustible illustration in these pre-eminently manners-painting books. One wonders that so full a quarry has been so little worked. Compilers might have made their meagre pages rich from almost any one of the volumes enumerated. See vol. xv. of *Works*—Glossarial Index—special lists, etc., etc.; also under 'Actors and Players' in the present volume, which, à la France, are to be read between the lines.

Within our narrow limits we have (it is believed) furnished enough to make it clear that young Greene was no merely grotesque rival to young William Shakespeare. It

lies on the surface that if only the 'wrecked life' had found a friend and helper in his (later) mighty contemporary, that is if co-operation had been sought—not antagonism—English literature should have been the certain gainer. We are so used to idolatry of Shakespeare because of his simply incomparable genius, that we shirk inquiring into his relations with his precursors and contemporaries. I for one feel satisfied that fuller knowledge of these would prove that for years, when feeling his way upward, Shakespeare was a very buccaneer in 'spoiling the Egyptians,' or unmetaphorically in turning to his own account the MS. writings of unfortunate contemporaries who were constrained to write for the theatres. On these and cognate matters I must refer the reader to Professor Storozhenko's 'Life' of Greene, with our annotations, which form vol. i. of the Works.

I would specially commend the L'Allegro and Penseroso-like bursts of musical song that will be found in this volume. The

(so-called) Pastorals have exquisite touches and finest-wrought rhyme and rhythm. The Love-songs are tender and passionate. The 'comic vein' is genuine. His patriotic standing-up for the 'common people' (e.g., in 'The Pinner of Wakefield') is historically most noticeable. Altogether I shall be disappointed if our 'Green Pastures'—the pun being permissible, as was Spurgeon's 'Stones from Ancient Brooks' (= Thomas Brooks, the Puritan)—be not welcomed as a pleasant surprise to be placed beside our 'Bower of Delight' of NICOLAS BRETON.

I close with a quotation from myself—
'I must take this fresh opportunity of recalling that as the converse of Herrick's famous (or infamous) pleading, that if his verse were impure, his life was chaste, Greene's writings are exceptionally clean. Nor must he be refused the benefit of this in any judicial estimate of him. It is equally harsh and uncritical to say that this confessedly dissolute-living man wrote purely because it paid him to do so. It did no such thing.'

It would have paid, and did pay, to write impurely, and as ministering to the unchaste appetite of readers for garbage. To his undying honour, Robert Greene,—equally with James Thomson,—left scarce a line that dying he need have wished “to blot.” I can’t understand the nature of anyone who can think hardly of Greene in the light of his ultimate penitence and absolute confession. It is (if the comparison be not over-bold) as though one had taunted David with his sin after the 51st Psalm’ (Editor’s Introduction to Life: Works, i., pp. xix-xx).

A. B. G.



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ABATEMENTS.

THE stiffest metal yieldeth to the stamp, the strongest oak to the carpenter's axe, the hard steel to the file, and the stoutest heart doth bow when Nature bids him bend. . . . There is no adamant such which the blood of a goat cannot make soft, no tree so sound which the scarab fly will not pierce, no iron so hard which rust will not fret, no mortal thing so sure which Time will not consume, nor no man so valiant which cometh not without excuse when Death doth call. The phoenix hath black pens as well as glistering feathers, the purest wine hath his lees, the luckiest year hath his canicular days. Venus had a mole in her face, and Adonis a scar upon his chin. There was sometimes thunder heard in the Temple of Peace, and Fortune is never so favourable but she is as fickle:

her prosperity is ever fauced with the four drops of adversity, being constant in nothing but in inconstancy. Scipio escaped many foreign broils, but, returning home in triumph, was slain with a tile. Cæsar conquered the whole world, yet was cowardly slain in the Senate. So Bonfadio. . . . (Morando : the 'Tritameron of Love' [1517], iii., pp. 51, 52.)



*ABOMINABLE, ABHOMIN-
ABLE.*

The desire of his fond affection so blinded his understanding that he paused not to pervert both human and Divine laws for the accomplishment thereof : no rules of reason, no fear of laws, no pricks of conscience, no respect of honesty, no regard of God or man, could prohibit him from his pestiferous purpose : for if laws had been of force, he knew his deed was contrary to all laws, in violating his sacred oath ; of conscience, he knew it terrible ; of honesty, he knew it most wicked ; of

God or man, he knew it abominable in the sight of both ('Mamillia' [1583], ii., p. 118). [Nares annotates on this word: 'A pedantic affectation of more correct speaking, founded upon a false notion of the etymology; supposing it to be from *ab homine* instead of *abominor*, which is the true derivative. Shakespeare has ridiculed this affectation in the character of the pedant Holofernes: "They are *abhominable*, which he [Don Armado] would call abominable" ("Love's Labour's Lost," v., 1). But it was not necessarily pedantic so to spell. As simple matter of fact, the word carried in it for long meanings correspondent with the double derivation.—G.]



*ACTORS AND ACTING.**

So highly were Comedies esteemed in those days [of Terence and Plautus in Rome], that men of great honour and grave account were the actors, the Senate and the consuls continually present as auditors at all such sports,

* See Introduction.

rewarding the author with rich rewards, according to the excellency of the Comedy. Thus continued this faculty famous, till covetousness crept into the quality, and that mean men, greedy of gains, did fall to practise the acting of such plays, and in the theatre presented their Comedies, but to such only as rewarded them well for their pains. When thus Comedians grew to be mercenaries, then men of account left to practise such pastimes, and disdained to have their honours blemished with the stain of such base and vile gains : inasmuch that both Comedies and Tragedies grew to less account in Rome, in that the free sight of such sports was taken away by covetous desires ; yet the people (who are delighted with such novelties and pastimes) made great resort, paid largely and highly applauded their doings, inasmuch that the Actors, by continual use, grew not only excellent but rich and insolent. Amongst whom in the days of Tully one Roscius grew to be of such exquisite perfection in his faculty, that he offered to contend with the orators of that time in gesture, as they did in eloquence ; boasting that he could

expres a passion in as many fundry actions as Tully could discourse it in variety of phrases: yea, so proud he grew by the daily applause of people, that he looked for honour and reverence to be done him in the streets: which self-conceit when Tully entered into with a piercing insight, he quipped at in this manner.

It chanced that Roscius and he met at a dinner, both guests unto Archias the poet, where the proud Comedian dared to make comparison with Tully; which insolency made the learned orator to grow into these terms: 'Why, Roscius, art thou proud with Æsop's crow, being pranked with the glory of other's feathers? Of thyself thou canst say nothing, and if the cobbler hath taught thee to say *Ave Cæsar*, disdain not thy tutor because thou pratest in a king's chamber. What sentence thou utterest on the stage, flows from the censure of our wits, and what sentence or conceit of the invention the people applaud for excellent, that comes from the secrets of our knowledge. I grant your action, though it be a kind of mechanical labour, yet well done 'tis worthy of

praise ; but you worthless, if for so small a toy you wax proud.'

At this Roscius waxed red and bewrayed his imperfection with silence ; but this check of Tully could not keep others from the blemish of that fault, for it grew to a general vice amongst the Actors, to excell in pride as they did exceed in excellence, and to brave it in the streets as they brag it on the stage : so that they revelled it in Rome in such costly robes, that they seemed rather men of great patrimony than such as lived by the favour of the people. Which Publius Servilius very well noted ; for he, being the son of a senator and a man very valiant, met on a day with a player in the streets richly appavelled, who so far forgot himself that he took the wall of the young nobleman ; which Servilius taking in disdain, counterchecked with this frump : ' My friend (quoth he), be not so brag of thy filken robes, for I saw them but yesterday make a great show in a broker's shop.' At this the one was ashamed and the other smiled, and they which heard the quip laughed at the folly of the one and the wit of the other. Thus, fir,

have you heard my opinion briefly of plays, that Menander devised them for the suppressing of vanities : necessary in a Commonwealth, as long as they are used in their right kind ; the play-makers worthy of honour for their art, and players, men deserving both praise and profit as long as they wax neither covetous nor insolent. ('Never too Late' [1590], viii., pp. 131-133.)

*ENGLISH PLAYER.*

Roberto [= Robert Greene] wondering to hear such good words, for that this golden age affords few that esteem of virtue ; returned him thankful gratulations, and (urged by necessity) uttered his present grief, beseeching his advice how he might be employed. Why, easily, quoth he, and greatly to your benefit ; for men of my profession get by scholars their whole living. What is your profession ? said Roberto. Truly, fir, said he, I am a Player. A player, quoth Roberto, I took you rather for a gentleman of great living, for if by outward habit men should be censured

[=judged], I tell you, you would be taken for a substantial man. So am I where I dwell (quoth the Player), reputed able at my proper cost to build a windmill. What though the world once went hard with me, when I was fain to carry my playing fardle [=bundle] a-footback. *Tempora mutantur*, I know you know the meaning of it better than I, but I thus construe it. It is otherwise now; for my very share in playing apparell will not be sold for two hundred pounds. Truly, said Roberto, it is strange, that you should so prosper in that vain practice, for that it seems to me your voice is nothing gracious. Nay, then, said the Player, I mislike your judgment: why, I am as famous for Delphrigus and the king of Fairies as ever was any of my time. The twelve labours of Hercules have I terribly thundered on the stage and placed three scenes of the devil on the highway to heaven. Have ye so? (said Roberto), then I pray you pardon me. Nay, more (quoth the Player), I can serve to make a pretty speech, for I was a country Author, passing at a moral, for it was I that penned the moral of

man's wit, the Dialogue of Dives, and for seven years' space was absolute interpreter of the puppets. But now my almanac is out of date.

The people make no estimation
Of Morals teaching education.

Was not this pretty for a plain rhyme
extempore? If ye will ye shall have
more. ('Groat's-worth of Wit' [1592],
xii., pp. 130-132.)



GOOD ADVICES.

The Farewell of a Friend.

1. Let God's worship be thy morn-
ing's work, and His wisdom the direction
of thy day's labour.
2. Rise not without thanks, nor sleep
not without repentance.
3. Choose but a few friends, and try
those; for the flatterer speaks fairest.
4. If thy wife be wise, make her thy
secretary, else lock thy thoughts in thy
heart, for women are seldom silent.
5. If she be fair, be not jealous; for
suspicion cures not women's follies.

6. If she be wise wrong her not : for if thou lovest others she will loath thee.

7. Let thy children's nurture be their richest portion ; for wisdom is more precious than wealth.

8. Be not proud amongst thy poor neighbours : for a poor man's hate is perilous.

9. Nor too familiar with great men ; for presumption wins disdain.

10. Neither be too prodigal in thy fare, nor die not indebted to thy belly, but enough is a feast.

11. Be not envious, lest thou fall in thine own thoughts.

12. Use patience, mirth and quiet ; for care is enemy to health.

(‘Never too Late’ [1590], viii.,
pp. 168, 169.)



TO YOUNG MEN.

A young man led on by self-will (having the reins of liberty in his own hand) forseeeth not the ruth of folly, but aimeth at present pleasures : for he gives himself up to delight, and thinketh everything good, honest, lawful, and

virtuous, that fitteth for the content of his lascivious humour. He forfeeth not that such as climb hastily fall suddenly ; that bees have stings as well as honey ; that vices have ill ends as well as sweet beginnings. And whereof grows this heedless life, but of self-conceit, thinking the good counsel of age is dotage ; that the advice of friends proceeds of envy, and not of love ; that when their fathers correct them for their faults, they hate them : whereas when the black ox hath trod on their feet and the crow's foot is seen in their eyes, then, touched with the feeling of their own folly, they sigh out, ' Had I wist ! ' when repentance cometh too late. Or like as wax is ready to receive every new form that is stamped into it, so is youth apt to admit of every vice that is objected unto it, and in young years wanton desires is chiefly predominate, especially the two ringleaders of all other mischiefs, namely, pride and whoredom. These are the Syrens that with their enchanting melodies draw them on to utter confusion. . . . [Therefore bethink. . . .] (' Repentance ' 1592], xii., pp. 157, 158.)

UNVENERABLE OLD AGE.

These two patterns of unrighteousness and mirrors of mischief, had under the pens of a dove covered the heart of a kite, under their sheeps' skins hidden the bloody nature of a wolf; thinking under the shadow of their grey hairs to cover the substance of their treacherous minds; in a painted sheath to hide a rusty blade; in a silver bell a leaden clapper, and in their aged complexion most youthful concupiscence, hoping their hoary hairs would keep them without blame and their grey heads without suspicion. Indeed, age is a crown of glory when it is adorned with righteousness, but the dregs of dishonour when it is mingled with mischief. For honourable age consisteth not in the term of years, nor is not measured by the date of a man's days, but godly wisdom is the grey hair and an undefiled life is old age. The herb Grace, the older it is the ranker smell it hath, the Sea-star is most black being old, the older the eagle is the more crooked is her bill, and the more age

in wicked men the more unrighteous.
(‘Mirror of Modesty’ [1584], iii., pp.
11, 12.)



*APOPHTHEGMS AND APT
SAYINGS.*

It is vain to water the plant when
the root is dead. (‘Morando,’ iii., p.
54.)

I count liking without law no love
but lust. (*Ibid.*, p. 59.)

It is hard . . . to hide Vulcan’s polt
foot with pulling on a straight shoe.
(*Ibid.*, p. 60.)

He who yieldeth himself as a slave to
love bindeth himself in fetters of gold,
and if his suit have good success, yet he
leadeth his life in glistering misery.
(*Ibid.*, p. 86.)

A word mistaken is half a challenge.
(*Ibid.*, p. 127.)

When the boar layeth down his
bristles then he meaneth to strike.
(‘Anatomy of Fortune,’ iii., p. 183.)

The Painter casteth his fairest colour
over the foulest board. (*Ibid.*)

Fortune, yea, fortune, in favouring

me hath made me most infortunate.
(*Ibid.*, p. 184.)

The lapwing [= peewit] cries farthest off from her nest. ('Tritameron,' iii., p. 78.) [*Cf.* 'Measure for Measure,' I., iv., 32; 'Comedy of Errors,' IV., ii., 27.—G.]

[Follow] the example of the industrious and painful [= painstaking] bee, which draweth honey out of flowers and hurteth not the fruit. (*Ibid.*, p. 153.)
[So George Herbert finely :

'Rain, do not hurt my flowers, but gently
spend
Your honey-drops; press not to smell them,
bee.'—G.]

Rather love by ear than like by the eye. ('Mirror,' iii., p. 10.)

A sure truth . . . needs no subtle
gloss. (*Ibid.*, p. 60.)

['Tis] to pull on Hercules' hose on a child's foot. (*Ibid.*, p. 68.)

'Tis an ill flaw [= storm-wind] that bringeth up no wreck . . . and a bad wind that breedeth no man's profit. (*Ibid.*, p. 84.)

I think of lovers as Diogenes did of dancers, who, being asked how he liked

them, answered, The better the worse. (*Ibid.*, p. 88.) [So Dr. Johnson of an intricate and difficult musical composition, 'I wish it had been so difficult as to be impossible.'—G.]

Finding, with Scipio, that he was never less alone than when he was alone. (*Ibid.*, p. 114.) [Made immortal by *Childe Harold*.—G.]

Wilt thou shrink for an April shower? (*Ibid.*, p. 214.)

That which is easily begun is not always lightly ended. ('Debate,' iv., p. 198.)

Stars are to be looked at with the eye, not reached at with the hand. ('Doraftus,' iv., p. 285.)

My white hairs are blossoms for the grave. (*Ibid.*, p. 271.) [Percy, in his 'Reliques' (ii., 177, ed. 1812), quotes the following as part of an old song on the story of the Beggar of Bethnal Green :

'The reverend lockes in comelye curles did
wave,
And on his aged temples grewe *the blossoms
of the grave.*'

Qy. the 'old saying' by Greene?—G.]

The four bud will never be the sweet blossom. ('Card,' iv., p. 15.)

She that is won with a word will be lost with a wind. (*Ibid.*, p. 56.)

Make a virtue of necessity. (*Ibid.*, p. 60.)

Too much familiarity breeds contempt. (*Ibid.*, p. 102.)

I dare not infer comparisons because they be odious. (*Ibid.*, p. 149.)

Adultery shall fly in the air, and thy known virtues shall lie hid in the earth. ('Dorastus,' iv., p. 250.) [Ennobled by Shakespeare into :

'The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interrèd with their bones.'
(*'Julius Cæsar,'* II., x., 2.)—G.]

They went like shadows, not men. (*Ibid.*, p. 262.)

Falls come not by fitting low, but by climbing too high. (*Ibid.*, p. 285.)

A woman's fault, to spurn at that with her foot which she greedily catcheth at with her hand. (*Ibid.*, p. 285.)

Necessity hath no law. (*Ibid.*, p. 294.)

Like the porcupine, who, coveting to strike others with her pens, leaveth

herself void of any defence. ('Planetomachia,' v., p. 97.) [Even Shakespeare believed in the 'pen-propelling porcupine,' e.g., 'Henry VI.,' III., i., 363; 'Troilus,' II., i., 27.—G.]

Is thy fancy so fickle as every face must be viewed with affection? Fond man, think this, that the poor man maketh as great account of his wife as the greatest monarch in the world doth of an empress; that honesty harbours as soon in a cottage as in the Court. ('Penelope's Web,' v., p. 205.)

For all the crack my penny may be good silver. (*Ibid.*, p. 233.)

Fair promises and small performance. ('Planetomachia,' v., p. 43.)

More soon come than welcome. (*Ibid.*, p. 77.)

Cats' half-waking winks are but trains [= snares] to entrap the mouse. (*Ibid.*, p. 84.)

Better to trust an open enemy than a reconciled friend. (*Ibid.*, p. 90.)

The longest summer's day hath his evening. (*Ibid.*, p. 129.)

Nothing is evil that is necessary. ('Penelope's Web,' v., p. 178.) [= all that is is right.—G.]

My profession is your trade. ('Mena-
phon,' vi., p. 120.)

How happy are we that eat to live
and live not to eat. ('Perimedes,' vii.,
p. 21.)

The fox had his skin pulled over his
ears for prying into the lion's den : poor
men should look no higher than their
feet, lest in staring at stars they stumble.
(*Ibid.*, p. 22.)

Venus, I grant, hath a wrinkle in her
brow, but two dimples in her cheeks.
(*Ibid.*, p. 69.)

Words have wings, and once let slip
can never be recalled. ('Royal Ex-
change,' vii., p. 232.)

Poorly content is better than richly
covetous. ('Perimedes,' vii., p. 60.)

A woman, and therefore to be won.
(*Ibid.*, p. 68.)

Love beginneth in gold and endeth
in beggary. ('Never too Late,' viii.,
p. 36.)

Such as marry but to a fair face tie
themselves oft to a foul bargain. (*Ibid.*)

Fairest blossoms are soonest nipped
with frost. (*Ibid.*, p. 71.)

A friend to [whom] to reveal is a
medicine to relieve. (*Ibid.*, p. 85.)

A woman's heart and her tongue are not relatives. (*Ibid.*, p. 90.)

She found that all his corn was on the floor. (*Ibid.*, p. 102.)

To bed with the bee and up with the lark. (*Ibid.*, p. 124.)

The crow thinks her fowls the fairest. (*Ibid.*, p. 186.) [A play on 'foul.']

In many words lieth mistrust, and in painted speech deceit is often covered. ('Metamorphosis,' ix., 73.)

May not a woman look but she must love? (*Ibid.*, p. 83.)

Making a woman's resistance. (*Ibid.*, p. 104.)

Trust not him that smiles. ('Mourning Garment' [1590], ix., p. 138. [Cf. 'Hamlet,' i., 5 : 'Smile, and smile, and be a villain.'—G.]

Hunger needs no sauce and thirst turns water into wine. (*Ibid.*, p. 145.)

Ah, father, had I revered my God as I honoured my goddess! (*Ibid.*, p. 207.)—G. [Cf. 'Henry VIII.,' iii., 2.]

Parrots speak not what they think. ('Farewell,' p. 246.)

Bring not contempt to such a royal dignity by too much familiarity. (*Ibid.*, p. 258.)

The ploughman hath more ease than a king. (*Ibid.*, p. 277.)

We have as much health with feeding on the brown loaf as a prince hath with all his delicates, and I steal more sweet naps in the chimney corner in a week than God save his majesty! (*Ibid.*)

You may smell their pride by their perfumes. (*Ibid.*, p. 285.)

Love filleth not the hand with pelf, but the eye with pleasure. (*Ibid.*, p. 300.)

It is not riches to have much, but to desire little. (*Ibid.*, p. 309.)

Drink me as dry as a sieve. ('Life and Death of Ned Browne,' xi., p. 30.)

Envy creepeth not so low as cottages. ('Philomela,' xi., p. 176.)

Acquaint not thyself with many, lest thou fall into the hands of flatterers. (*Ibid.*)

Courteous to all, but converse with few. (*Ibid.*)

Truth is the daughter of Time. (*Ibid.*, p. 189.)

Time hatcheth truth. (*Ibid.*, p. 197.)

The tailor sews with hot needle and burnt thread. (*Ibid.*, p. 238.)

Will is above skill. ('Orpharion,' xii., p. 5.)

Pierced by Achilles' lance must be healed by his spear. (*Ibid.*, p. 9.)

Buy smoke with many perils and dangers. (*Ibid.*, p. 10.)

Reap many kisses and little love. (*Ibid.*, p. 17.)

Ay, quench fire with flax. (*Ibid.*, p. 39.)

He never played in jest. (*Ibid.*, p. 58.)

King's words may not offend. (*Ibid.*, p. 72.)

Like the pace of a crab, backward. (*Ibid.*, p. 75.)

We are only overcome, not vanquished. (*Ibid.*, p. 88.)

Once get into the bone, it will step into the flesh. ('Repentance,' xii., p. 159.)

Blamed, but never ashamed. ('Vision,' xii., p. 248.)

Ask counsel of your pillow. (*Ibid.*, p. 265.)

The biggest limbs have not the stoutest hearts (l. 1091).

Empty vessels have the loudest sounds,
And cowards prattle more than men of worth (ll. 1101, 1102).

('The Pinner of Wakefield' [1599].)

O, Sir, I love the fruit that treason brings,
But those that are the traitors, them I
hate.

(‘Selinus,’ ll. 1259, 1260.)

‘White-wing’d victory fits on our swords’
(l. 1585).

‘Cast to compass it
Without delay, or long procrastination ;
It argueth an unmaturèd wit
When all is ready for so strong invasion
To draw out time ; an unlook’d-for
mutation

May soon prevent us if we do delay :
Quick speed is good, where wisdom
leads the way.

(*Ibid.*, ll. 307-313.)

But friends are men, and love can baffle
lords :

The earl both woos and courts her for
himself.

(‘Friar Bacon,’ ll. 639, 640).

Pity me, though I be a farmer’s son,
And measure not my riches, but my love.

(*Ibid.*, ll. 764, 765.)

Love’s foolish looks
Think footsteps miles and minutes to be
hours.

(*Ibid.*, ll. 1155, 1156.)

Old folk are twice children. ('Mamillia,' ii., p. 50.) [Robert Fergusson, precursor of Robert Burns, felicitously puts it in his 'Farmer's Ingle'—prototype of the 'Cottar's Saturday Night':

'The mind's aye cradled when the grave is near.'—G.]

They seek others where they have been hid themselves. (*Ibid.*, p. 16.)

He that cannot dissemble cannot live. (*Ibid.*, p. 19.)

A young faint, an old devil. (*Ibid.*, p. 25.) [A long-lived lie, slander and sneer combined.—G.]

One forecast is worth two after. (*Ibid.*, p. 26.)

Killed her with kindness. (*Ibid.*)

Two might best keep counsel where one was away. (*Ibid.*, p. 30.)

It is a foul bird that defiles its own nest. (*Ibid.*, p. 31.) [But it is only its own nest that it can well defile.—G.]

The best clerks are not ever the wisest men. (*Ibid.*, p. 34.)

The fox will eat no grapes. (*Ibid.*, p. 52.)

Love makes all men orators. (*Ibid.*, p. 57.)

One tale is always good until another is told. (*Ibid.*, p. 222.)

Pull hair from a bald man's head. (*Ibid.*, p. 225.)



ALLITERATION.

Reject not him so rigorously which respecteth you so reverently ; loath him not so hatefully which loveth you so heartily, nor repay not his dutiful amity with such deadly enmity. ('Card of Fancy' [1587], iv., p. 113.)

To hope still, I see is but to heap woe upon wretchedness, and care upon calamity. Yet, madam, thus much I will say, that Dido, Queen of Carthage, loved Æneas, a banished exile and a straggling stranger. Euphinia, daughter to the King of Corinth, and heir-apparent to his crown, who for her feature [= person] was famous throughout all the East countries, vouchsafed to apply a sovereign plaster to the furious passions of Acharisto, her father's bond-man. The Duchess of Malfy chose for her husband her servant Ulrico ; and

Venus, who for surpassing beauty was canonized for a goddess, disdained not the love of limping Vulcan. They, madam, respected the men, and not their money; their wills, and not their wealth; their love, not their livings; their constancy, not their coin; their person, not their parentage; and the inward virtue, not the outward value. But you are so addicted to the opinion of Danae, that unless Jupiter himself be shrouded in your lap, under the shape of a shower of gold, he shall have the repulse for all his deity. (*Ibid.*, p. 119.)



*A NOBLE HEAD—FRIAR
BACON.*

Vandermaſt. Lordly thou lookeſt, as if
that thou wert learn'd;
Thy countenance, as if ſcience held
her ſeat
Between the circled arches of thy
brows.
(*'Friar Bacon,'* vol. xiii., ll. 1297-99.)

FRIAR BACON.

Seeing you come as friends unto the friar,
Resolve you doctors, Bacon can by books
Make storming Boreas thunder from his
cave,
And dim fair Luna to a dark eclipse.
The great arch-ruler, potentate of Hell,
Trembles, when Bacon bids him, or his
fiends,
Bow to the force of his pentageron.
What Art can work, the frolic friar
knows ;
And therefore will I turn my magic
books,
And strain out necromancy to the deep :
I have contriv'd and fram'd a head of
brafs
(I made Belcephon hammer out the
stuff),
And that by Art shall read philosophy,
And I will strengthen England by my
skill,
That if ten Cæsars lived and reign'd in
Rome,
With all the legions Europe doth contain,
They should not touch a grafs of English
ground :

The work that Ninus rear'd at Babylon,
The brazen walls fram'd by Semiramis,
Carv'd out like to the portal of the sun ;
Shall not be such as rings the English
strand,

From Dover to the market-place of Rye.
(*'Friar Bacon,'* xiii., pp. 16, 17.)

*BEAUTY—A SONG.*

Beauty, alas ! where waft thou born,
Thus to hold thyself in scorn ?

When as Beauty kiss'd to woo thee,
Thou by Beauty dost undo me,

Heigho, despise me not.

I and thou, in sooth are one,

Fairest thou, ay fairer none ;

Wanton thou, and wilt thou wanton,

Yield a cruel heart to pant on ?

Do me right, and do me reason,

Cruelty is curst treason :

Heigho, I love ; heigho, I love !

Heigho ; and yet he eyes me not.

(*'A Looking-glass for London and Eng-
land'* [1594], xiv., 74, 75.)

**BOHEMIA—SHAKESPEARE
ILLUSTRATION.**

It so happened that Egíflus, King of Sicily, who in his youth had been brought up with Pandosto, desirous to show that neither tract of time, nor distance of place, could diminish their former friendship, provided a navy of ships and *sailed into Bohemia* to visit his old friend and companion . . . ('History of Dorastus and Fawnia' [1588], iv., p. 235). [Everyone knows Shakespeare's kindred slip in 'Winter's Tale'; but this 19th century could show just as great geographical blunders, *e.g.*, about Africa and India, etc., etc. Cf. also note in Works, vol. v., pp. 304, 305, as bearing on Shakespeare's alleged 'small Latin and less Greek.'—G.]



CHASTITY—AN ODE.

What is love once disgracèd?
But a wanton thought ill placèd,
Which doth blemish whom it paineth,
And dishonours whom it deigneth.

Seen in higher powers most,
Though some fools do fondly boast
That who so is high of kin
Sanctifies his lover's sin.
Jove could not hide Io's scape,
Nor conceal Calisto's rape.
Both did fault, and both were famèd,
Light of loves whom lust had shamèd.
Let not women trust to men,
They can flatter now and then.
And tell them many wanton tales,
Which do breed their after bales.
Sin in kings is sin we see,
And greater sin, 'cause great of 'gree.
Majus peccatum, this I read,
If he be high that doth the deed.
Mars for all his deity
Could not Venus dignify.
But Vulcan trapp'd her, and her blame,
Was punished with an open shame.
All the gods laugh'd them to scorn,
For dubbing Vulcan with the horn.
Whereon may a woman boast,
If her chastity be lost?
Shame awaiteth upon her face,
Blushing cheeks and foul disgrace :
Report will blab, this is she
That with her lusts wins infamy.
If lusting love be so disgrac'd,

Die before you live unchaste.
 For better die with honest fame,
 Than lead a wanton life with shame !
 (' Philomela ' [1592], xi., pp. 178, 179.)



COMEDY.*

*Enter the Clown and his crew of Ruffians,
 to go to drink.*

First Ruffian. Come on, Smith, thou shalt be one of the crew, because thou knowest where the best ale in the town is.

Adam [the blacksmith's man]. Come on, in faith, my colts : I have left my Master striking of a heat, and stole away, because I would keep you company.

Clown. Why, what, shall we have this paltry Smith with us ?

Adam. Paltry Smith ? Why, you incarnative knave, what are you that you speak petty treason against the smith's trade ?

Clown. Why, slave, I am a gentleman of Niniveh ?

* These are examples of Green's remarkable comic vein.—G.

Adam. A gentleman? Good Sir, I remember you well, and all your progenitors: your father bare office in our town; an honest man he was, and in great discredit in the parish, for they bestowed two squire's livings on him; the one was on working-days, and then he kept the town stage, and on holidays they made him the Sexton's man, for he whipped dogs out of the church. Alas, Sir, your father,—why, Sir, methinks I see the gentleman still: a proper youth he was, faith, aged some forty and ten; his beard rat's colour, half black, half white; his nose was in the highest degree of noses, it was nose *autem glorificam*, so set with rubies that after his death it should have been nailed up in Copper-smith's Hall for a monument: well, Sir, I was beholding to your good father, for he was the first man that ever instructed me in the mystery of a pot of ale.

Second Ruffian. Well said, Smith; that crossed him over the thumbs.

Clown. Villain, were it not that we go to be merry, my rapier should presently quit thy opprobrious terms.

Adam. O, Peter, Peter, put up thy

fword, I prithee heartily, into thy scabbard, hold in your rapier ; for though I have not a long reacher, I have a short hitter.—Nay then, gentlemen, stay me, for my choler begins to rise against him ; for mark the words, ‘a paltry smith.’ Oh, horrible sentence : thou hast in these words, I will stand to it, libelled against all the found horses, whole horses, fore horses, courfers, curtalls, jades, cuts, hackneys, and mares ; whereupon, my friend, in their defence, I give thee this curse,—thou shalt not be worth a horse of thine own this seven year.

Clown. Ay, prithee smith, is your occupation so excellent ?

Adam. ‘A paltry smith’ ? Why, I’ll stand to it, a smith is lord of the four elements ; for our iron is made of the earth, our bellows blow out air, our floor holds fire, and our forge water. Nay, Sir, we read in the Chronicles that there was a god of our occupation.

Clown. Ay, but he was a cuckold.

Adam. That was the reason, Sir, he called your father cousin. ‘Paltry smith’ ? why, in this one word thou hast defaced their worshipful occupation.

Clown. As how ?

Adam. Marry, Sir, I will stand to it, that a smith in his kind is a phyfician, a furgeon, and a barber. For let a horfe take a cold, or be troubled with the botts, and we ftraight give him a potion or a purgation, in fuch phyfical manner that he mends ftraight: if he have outward difeafes, as the fpavin, splent, ring-bone, wind-gall, or *farcin*, or, Sir, a galled back, we let him blood and clap a plafter to him with a peftilence, that mends him with a very vengeance: now, if his mane grow out of order, and he have any rebellious hairs, we ftraight to our fhears and trim him with what cut it please us, pick his ears, and make him neat. Marry, indeed, Sir, we are flovens for one thing; we never ufe any mufk-balls to wafh him with, and the reafon, Sir, becaufe he can woe* without kifling.

Clown. Well, firrha, leave off thefe praifes of a smith, and bring us to the beft ale in the town.

Adam. Now, Sir, I have a feat above all the fmiths in Niniveh; for, Sir, I am a philofopher that can difpute of the nature of ale; for mark you, Sir, a pot

* =play on 'woo.'—G.

of ale consists of four parts,—Imprimis the ale, the toast, the ginger, and the nutmeg.

Clown. Excellent.

Adam. The ale is a restorative, bread is a binder; mark you, Sir, two excellent points in physick: the ginger, oh, 'ware of that: the philosophers have written of the nature of ginger, 'tis expulstive in two degrees: you shall hear the sentence of Galen:

*'It will make a man belch, cough, and —,
And is a great comfort to the heart':*

a proper posie, I promise you: but now to the noble virtue of nutmeg: it is, saith one ballad, (I think an English Roman was the author,) an underlayer to the brains, for when the ale gives a buffet to the head, oh, the nutmeg that keeps him for a while in temper. Thus you see the description of the virtue of a pot of ale. Now, Sir, to put my physical precepts in practice, follow me: but afore I step any further——

Clown. What's the matter now?

Adam. Why, seeing I have provided the ale, who is the purveyor for the wenches? for, masters, take this of me,

a cup of ale without a wench, why, alas ! 'tis like an egg without salt, or a red herring without mustard !

Clown. Lead us to the ale : we'll have wenches enough, I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt.*

(*'A Looking-glass for London and England'* [1594], xiv., 15-20.)



AN ONWARD SCENE.

Enters Adam, the Clown.

Adam. This way he is, and here will I speak with him.

Lord. Fellow, whither preffeth thou ?

Adam. I pres nobody, Sir ; I am going to speak with a friend of mine.

Lord. Why, slave, there is none but the king and his viceroys.

Adam. The king ? Marry, Sir, he is the man I would speak withal.

Lord. Why, callest him a friend of thine ?

Adam. Ay, marry do I, Sir ; for if he be not my friend, I'll make him my friend ere he and I pass.

Lord. Away, vassal, begone, thou speak unto the king !

Adam. Ay, marry, will I, Sir ; and if he were a king of velvet, I will talk to him.

Rafni (the king). What's the matter there ? what noise is that ?

Adam. A boon, my liege ! a boon, my liege !

Rafni. What is it that great Rafni will not grant,
This day, unto the meanest of his land,
In honour of his beauteous Alvida ?
Come hither, swain ; what is it that thou cravest ?

Adam. Faith, Sir, nothing but to speak a few sentences to your worship.

Rafni. Say, what is it ?

Adam. I am sure, Sir, you have heard of the spirits that walk in the city here.

Rafni. Ay, what of that ?

Adam. Truly, Sir, I have an oration to tell you of one of them ; and this it is.

Alvida (queen). Why goest not forward with thy tale ?

Adam. Faith, mistress, I feel an imperfection in my voice, a disease that often troubles me ; but, alas ! easily mended ; a cup of ale or a cup of wine will serve the turn.

Alvida. Fill him a bowl, and let him want no drink.

Adam. Oh, what a precious word was that, 'And let him want no drink.' [*Drink given to Adam.*] Well, Sir, now I'll tell you forth my tale : Sir, as I was coming alongst the port-royal of Niniveh, there appeared to me a great devil, and as hard-favoured a devil as ever I saw ; nay, Sir, he was a cuckoldy devil, for he had horns on his head. This devil, mark you now, preffeth upon me, and, Sir, indeed, I charged him with my pikestaff ; but when that would not serve, I came upon him with *Spiritus sanctus*,—why, it had been able to have put Lucifer out of his wits : when I saw my charm would not serve, I was in such a perplexity that six pennyworth of juniper would not have made the place sweet again.

Alvida. Why, fellow, wert thou so afraid ?

Adam. Oh, mistress, had you been there and seen, his very sight had made you shift a clean smock, I promise you ; though I were a man, and counted a tall fellow, yet my laundress called me slovenly knave the next day.

Rafni. A pleasant slave.—Forward, Sir, on with thy tale.

Adam. Faith, Sir, but I remember a word that my mistress, your bed-fellow, spoke.

Rafni. What was that, fellow?

Adam. Oh, Sir, a word of comfort, a precious word—‘And let him want no drink.’

Rafni. Her word is law; and thou shalt want no drink.

[*Drink given to Adam.*]

Adam. Then, Sir, this devil came upon me, and would not be persuaded, but he would needs carry me to hell. I proffered him a cup of ale, thinking, because he came out of so hot a place, that he was thirsty; but the devil was not dry, and therefore the more sorry was I. Well, there was no remedy, but I must with him to hell: and at last I cast mine eye aside; if you knew what I spied you would laugh, Sir. I looked from top to toe, and he had no cloven feet. Then I ruffled up my hair, and set my cap on the one side; and, Sir, grew to be a Justice of Peace to the devil. At last, in a great fume, as I am very choleric, and sometime so hot in

my fustian fumes, that no man can abide within twenty yards of me, I start up, and so bombasted the devil that, Sir, he cried out and ran away.

Alvida. This pleasant knave hath made me laugh my fill :

Rafni, now Alvida begins her quaff,
And drinks a full carouse unto her king.

Rafni. Ay, pledge, my love, as hearty
as great Jove

Drunk when his Juno heav'd a bowl to
him.—

Frolic, my lords, let all the standards
walk ;

Ply it till every man hath ta'en his load.—

How now, firrha, what cheer? we have
no words of you.

Adam. Truly, Sir, I was in a brown
study about my mistress.

Alvida. About me? for what?

Adam. Truly, mistress, to think what
a golden sentence you did speak : all
the philosophers in the world could not
have said more ;—‘ What, come, let him
want no drink.’ Oh, wise speech !

Alvida. Villains, why skink you not
unto this fellow ?

He makes me blyth and merry in my
thoughts :

Heard you not that the king hath given
 command,
 That all be drunk this day within his
 Court,
 In quaffing to the health of Alvida?
[Drink given to Adam.
 (Ibid., pp. 90-94.)]

FINAL SCENE.

*Enters Adam solus, with a bottle of beer
 in one slop [=loose trousers] and a
 great piece of beef in another.*

Adam. Well, goodman Jonah, I would
 you had never come from Jewry to this
 country; you have made me look like a
 lean rib of roast beef, or like the picture
 of Lent painted upon a red herring's
 cob. Alas, masters, we are commanded
 by the proclamation to fast and pray:
 by my troth, I could prettily so, so away
 with praying; but for fasting, why 'tis
 so contrary to my nature, that I had rather
 suffer a short hanging than a long
 fasting. Mark me, the words be these,
 'Thou shalt take no manner of food for
 so many days.' I had as lieve he should
 have said, 'Thou shalt hang thyself for
 so many days.' And yet, in faith, I

need not find fault with the proclamation, for I have a buttery and a pantry, and a kitchen about me ; for proof *Ecce signum!* This right flop is my pantry ; behold a manchet [*Draws it out*] ; this place is my kitchen, for lo ! a piece of beef [*Draws it out*],—Oh, let me repeat that sweet word again : for lo ! a piece of beef ! This is my buttery, for see, see, my friends, to my great joy, a bottle of beer [*Draws it out*]. Thus, alas ! I make shift to wear out this fasting ; I drive away the time. But there go searchers about to seek if any man breaks the king's commands. Oh, here they be ; in with your victuals, Adam.

[*Puts them back into his flops.*]

Enter two Searchers.

First Searcher. How duly the men of Niniveh keep the proclamation ; how are they armed to repentance ! We have searched through the whole city, and have not as yet found one that breaks the fast.

Second Searcher. The sign of the more grace ;—but stay, here sits one, methinks, at his prayers ; let us see who it is.

First Searcher. 'Tis Adam, the smith's man.—How now, Adam?

Adam. Trouble me not; 'Thou shalt take no manner of food, but fast and pray.'

First Searcher. How devoutly he sits at his orisons; but stay, methinks, I feel a smell of some meat or bread about him.

Second Searcher. So thinks me too.—You, firrha, what victuals have you about you?

Adam. Victuals! O horrible blasphemy! Hinder me not of my prayer, nor drive me not into a choler. Victuals! why heardest thou not the sentence, 'Thou shalt take no food, but fast and pray'?

Second Searcher. Truth, so it should be; but, methinks, I smell meat about thee.

Adam. About me, my friends? These words are actions in the case. About me? No, no; hang those gluttons that cannot fast and pray.

First Searcher. Well, for all your words, we must search you.

Adam. Search me! Take heed what you do; my hose are my castles; 'tis burglary if you break ope a flop: no

officer must lift up an iron hatch ; take heed, my flops are iron.

[*They search Adam.*]

Second Searcher. Oh, villain, see how he hath gotten victuals, bread, beef, and beer, where the king commanded upon pain of death none should eat for so many days ; no, not the sucking infant.

Adam. Alas, fir, this is nothing but a *modicum non nocet ut medicus daret* ; why, Sir, a bit to comfort my stomach.

First Searcher. Villain, thou shalt be hanged for it.

Adam. These are your words, ‘ I shall be hanged for it ; ’ but first answer me to this question, how many days have we to fast still ?

Second Searcher. Five days.

Adam. Five days : a long time : then I must be hanged ?

First Searcher. Ay, marry, Sir, must thou.

Adam. I am your man, I am for you, Sir ; for I had rather be hanged than bide so long a fast. What, five days ? Come, I’ll untruss. . Is your halter and the gallows, the ladder, and all such furniture in readiness ?

First Searcher. I warrant thee shalt want none of these.

Adam. But, hear you, must I be hanged?

First Searcher. Ay, marry.

Adam. And for eating of meat. Then, friends, know ye by these presents, I will eat up all my meat, and drink up all my drink; for it shall never be said I was hanged with an empty stomach.

First Searcher. Come away, knave; wilt thou stand feeding now?

Adam. If you be so hasty, hang yourself an hour, while I come to you, for surely I will eat up my meat.

Second Searcher. Come, let's draw him away perforce.

Adam. You say there is five days yet to fast, these are your words.

Second Searcher. Ay, Sir.

Adam. I am for you: come, let's away, and yet let me be put in the Chronicles.

[*Exeunt.*

(*Ibid.*, pp. 105-109.)



A CONTENTED MIND.

Sweet are the thoughts that favour of
content ;

The quiet mind is richer than a
crown ;

Sweet are the nights in careless slumber
spent ;

The poor estate scorns Fortune's
angry frown :

Such sweet content, such minds, such
sleep, such bliss,

Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do
miss.

The homely house that harbours quiet
rest ;

The cottage that affords no pride nor
care ;

The mean that 'grees with country
music best ;

The sweet comfort of mirth and
modest* fare ;

* The original has 'music's fare.' The word
had been caught from the preceding verse.
My venerable friend, W. J. Linton, in his
'Rare Poems,' reads as above, and it is in-
evitably accepted.—G.

Obscurèd life fets down a type of blifs,
A mind content both crown and king-
dom is.

(‘ Farewell to Folly ’ [1591], ix., pp.
279, 280.)



CONTENT.

Barmeniffa's Song.

The cottage feated in the hollow dale,
That Fortune never fears becaufe fo low;
The quiet mind that Want doth fet to
fale,

Sleeps fafe, when prince's feats do over-
throw ;

Want fmiles fecure when princely
thoughts do feel

That Fear and Danger treads upon
their heel.

Blefs Fortune thou whose frown hath
wrought thy good ;

Bid farewell to the crown that ends thy
care ;

The happy fates thy sorrows have with-
stood

By 'sygning want and poverty thy share ;
For now content (fond Fortune to
despite)

With patience 'lows* thee quiet and
delight.

('Penelope's Web' [1587], v., p. 180.)



A COUNTRY BEAUTY.

Edward [Prince of Wales]. I tell thee,
Lacy, that her sparkling eyes

Do lighten forth sweet Love's alluring
fire :

And in her tresses she doth fold the
looks

Of such as gaze upon her golden hair :

Her bashful white, mixed with the
morning's red,

Luna doth boast upon her lovely cheeks:

Her front is Beauty's table, where she
paints

The glories of her gorgeous excellence :

Her teeth are shelves of precious mar-
garites,

* *allows.*

Richly enclosed with ruddy coral cliffs.
 Tush, Lacy, she is beauty's overmatch
 If thou surveyest her curious imagery.

Lacy [*Earl of Lincoln*]. I grant, my
 lord, the damsel is as fair
 As simple Suffolk's homely towns can
 yield ;
 But in the court be quainter dames than
 she ;
 Whose faces are enrich'd with honour's
 taint,*
 Whose beauties stand upon the stage of
 Fame,
 And vaunt their trophies in the courts
 of Love.

Edward. Ah, Ned, but hadst thou
 watch'd her as myself,
 And seen the secret beauties of the
 maid,
 Their courtly coyness were but foolery,
Ermstbie. Why, how watch'd you her,
 my lord ?

Edward. When as she swept like Venus
 through the house,
 And in her shape fast folded up my
 thoughts ;
 Into the Milkhouse went I with the
 maid,

* tint.

And there amongst the cream-bowls she
did shine,
As Pallas 'mongst her princely huf-
wifery ;
She turned her smock over her lily
arms,
And div'd them into milk to run her
cheese ;
But whiter than the milk her crystal
skin,
Check'd with lines of azure, made her
blush,
That Art or Nature durst bring for
compare :
Ermstie, if thou hadst seen, as I did note
it well,
How beauty play'd the hufwife, how
this girl
Like Lucrece, laid her fingers to the
work,
Thou wouldst with Tarquin hazard
Rome and all
To win the lovely maid of Frefingfield.
(' Friar Bacon ' [1594], xiii., pp. 9-11.)



CRADLE SONG.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my
knee ;

When thou art old there's grief enough
for thee.

Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy ;
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe ;
Fortune changed made him so ;
When he left his pretty boy,
Left his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my
knee ;

When thou art old there's grief enough
for thee.

Streaming tears that never flint,
Like pearl-drops from a flint,
Fell by course from his eyes,
That one another's place supplies ;
Thus he grieved in every part,
Tears of blood fell from his heart,
When he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my
knee ;

When thou art old there's grief enough
for thee.

The wanton smiled, father wept,

Mother cried, baby leapt ;

More he crowed, more we cried,

Nature could not sorrow hide :

He must go, he must kiss

Child and mother, baby bliss ;*

For he left his pretty boy,

Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my
knee ;

When thou art old there's grief enough
for thee.

(‘Menaphon’ [1589], vi., pp. 43, 44.)



CUPID.

Ida. . . . I heard a shepherd sing,
That like a bee, Love hath a little sting:
He lurks in flowers, he percheth on the
trees ;

He on king's pillows bends his pretty
knees :

* *bless.*

The boy is blind, but when he will not
 spy
 He hath a leaded foot, and wings to fly:
 Beshrew me yet, for all these strange
 effects
 If I would like the lad that so infects.
 ('James the Fourth,' xiii., p. 216.)



THE EAGLE AND THE FLY.

When tender ewes, brought home with
 evening sun,
 Wend to their folds,
 And to their holds
 The shepherds trudge when light of day
 is done ;
 Upon a tree
 The Eagle,—Jove's fair bird,—did
 perch ;
 There resteth he :
 A little Fly his harbour* then did search,
 And did perfume, though others laughed
 thereat,
 To perch whereas† the princely Eagle
 fat.

* *arbour* or *shelter-place*. † *whereon*.

The Eagle frowned, and shook her royal
wings,

And charged the Fly

From thence to hie :

Afraid, in haste, the little creature flings,

Yet seeks again,

Fearful, to perch him by the Eagle's
side :

With moody vein,

The speedy post of Ganymede replied :

' Vassal, avaunt, or with my wings you
die :

Is't fit an Eagle feat him with a Fly ?'

The Fly craved pity ; still the Eagle
frown'd :

The silly Fly,

Ready to die,

Disgraced, displaced, fell grovelling to
the ground :

The Eagle saw,

And with a royal mind said to the Fly,

' Be not in awe,

I scorn by me the meanest creature die ;

Then feat thee here.' The joyful Fly
upflings,

And sat safe-shadowed with the Eagle's
wings.

(' Menaphon' [1589], vi., pp. 59, 60.)

AN EPISTLE DEDICATORY.*

(Complete.)

To the gentlemen readers, Health. Gentlemen, I dare not step awry from my wonted method, first to appeal to your favourable courtesies, which ever I have found (however plausible) yet smothered with a mild silence. The small pamphlets that I have thrust forth how you have regarded them I know not, but that they have been badly rewarded with any ill terms I never found ; which makes me the more bold to trouble you, and the more bound to rest yours every way, as ever I have done. I keep my old course, to palter up some thing in prose, using mine old posy still, *omne tulit punctum* ; although lately two gentlemen poets made two mad-men of Rome beat it out of their paper bucklers ; and had it in derision, for that I could not make my verses set upon the stage in tragical buskins, every word filling the mouth like the faburden

* Greene's 'Epistles Dedicatory,' like Breton's and Spenser's, are all graciously and finely worded.—G.

of Bow-Bell ; daring God out of heaven with that atheist Tamburlane, or blaspheming with the mad priest of the sun : but let me rather openly pocket up the afs at Diogenes' hand, than wantonly set out such impious instances of intolerable poetry. Such mad and scoffing poets, that have propheticall spirits, as bred of Merlin's race, if there be any in England, that set the end of scholarism in an English blank verse, I think either it is the humour of a novice that tickles them with self-love, or too much frequenting the hot-house (to use the German proverb) hath sweated out all the greatest part of their wits, which waste *gradatim*, as the Italians say, *poco à poco*. If I speak darkly, gentlemen, and offend with this digression, I crave pardon, in that I but answer in print what they have offered on the stage. But leaving these fantastical scholars, as judging him that is not able to make choice of his chaffer but a peddling chapman, at last to *Perymedes the Blacksmith*, who, sitting in his holiday suit to enter parley with his wife, smugged up in her best apparel, I present to your favours. If he please I have my desire,

if he but pass I shall be glad. If neither, I vow to make amends in my *Orpharion*, which I promise to make you merry with the next term : And thus resting on your wonted courtesies, I bid you farewell. Yours as ever he hath been,
—R. Greene. (‘Perimedes the Blacksmith’ [1588], vii., pp. 7-9.)



FANCY.

Lamília's Song.

Fie, fie on blind Fancy !
It hinders youth's joy ;
Fair virgins, learn by me
To count Love a toy.

When Love learned first the A B C of
delight,
And knew no figures nor conceited
phrase ;
He simply gave to due desert her right,
He led not lovers in dark winding ways ;
He plainly willed to love, or flatly
answered no :
But now who lists to prove, shall find it
nothing so.

Fie, fie, then, on Fancy !
It hinders youth's joy ;
Fair virgins, learn by me
To count Love a toy.

For since he learned to use the poet's
pen,
He learned likewise with smoothing
words to feign ;
Witching chaste ears with trothless
tongues of men,
And wrongèd faith with falsehood and
disdain ;
He gives a promise now, anon he
sweareth no :
Who listeth for to prove, shall find his
changing so.

Fie, fie, then, on Fancy !
It hinders youth's joy ;
Fair virgins, learn by me
To count Love a toy.

(‘The Groats’-worth of Wit bought
with a Million of Repentance’ [1592],
xii., pp. 113, 114.)



OLD ENGLISH FLOWERS.

Ah, Mullidor, her face is like to a red and white daify growing in a green meadow, and thou like a bee, that comest and suckest honey from it, and carriest it home to the hive with a heave and ho : that is as much as to say, as with a head full of woes and a heart full of sorrows and maladies. Be of good cheer, Mirimida laughs on thee, and thou knowest a woman's smile is as good to a lover as a sunshine day to a haymaker. She shews thee kind looks and casts many a sheep's eye at thee ; which signifies that she counts thee a man worthy to jump a match with her ; nay, more, Mullidor, she hath given thee a nosegay of flowers, wherein, as a top gallant for all the rest, is set in rosemary for remembrance. Ah, Mullidor, cheer thyself, fear not. Love, and fortune favour lusty lads ; cowards are not friends to affection : therefore venture, for thou hast won her ; else she had not given thee this nosegay. ('Never too Late' [1590], viii., pp. 197, 198.)

Thereby I saw the Batchelors' Buttons, whose virtue it is to make wanton maidens weep when they have worn it forty weeks under their aprons for a favour. Next them grew the dissembling daisy, to warn such light of love wenches not to trust every fair promise that such amorous bachelors make them, but [that] sweet smells breed bitter repentance. Hard by grew the true lover's primrose, whose kind favour wisheth men to be faithful and women courteous. Alongst in a border grew maidenhair, fit for modest maidens to behold and immodest to blush at, because it praiseth the one for their natural tresses and condemneth the other for their beastly and counterfeit periwigs. There was the gentle gilliflower, that wives should wear if they were not too froward; and loyal lavender: but that was full of cuckoo-spits, to shew that women's light thoughts make their husband's heavy heads. There were sweet lilies, God's plenty, which shewed fair virgins need not weep for wooers, and store of balm which could cure strange wounds, only not that wound which women receive. . . . ('A Quip

for an Upstart Courtier' [1592], xi., pp. 218, 219.) [On the daify *cf.* Ophelia in 'Hamlet,' IV., vi.—G.]



*THE ENGLISH FOP AND
FLORENTINE CONTEMPOR-
ARIES.*

In truth, quoth Farneze, I have seen an English gentleman so diffused in his suits, his doublet being for the wear of Castile, his hose for Venice, his hat for France, his cloak for Germany, that he seemed no way to be an Englishman but by the face. And, quoth Peratio, to this are we Florentines almost grown: for we must have our courtesies so cringed, our conges delivered with such a long accent, our speeches so affected, as comparing our conditions with the lives of our ancestors, we seem so far to differ from their former estate, that did Ovid live, he would make a second Metamorphosis of our estate. ('Farewell to Folly' [1591], ix., p. 253.)



Country Lad Full Dressed.

She met with a wealthy farmer's son, who, handsomely decked up in his holiday hose, was going very mannerly to be foreman in a Morice dance, and as near as I can guess was thus apparelled. He was a tall, slender youth, clean made, with a good, indifferent face, having on his head a straw hat steeple-wise, bound about with a band of blue buckram. He had on his father's best tawny jacket: for that this day's exploit stood upon his credit. He was in a pair of hose of red kersey, close trussed with a point afore; his mother had lent him a new muffler for a napkin, and that was tied to his girdle for loosing. He had a pair of harvest gloves on his hands, as shewing good husbandry, and a pen and ink-horn at his back; for the young man was a little bookish. His pumps [= shoes] were a little too heavy, being trimmed start-ups made of a pair of boot legs tied before with two white leather thongs. Thus handsomely arrayed, for this was his Sunday suit, he met the lady Mæfia, and seeing her so fair and well-formed, far passing their country maids in proportion, and

nothing differing in apparel, he stood half amazed, as a man that had seen a creature beyond his country conceit. ('Farewell to Folly' [1591], ix., pp. 265, 266.)



IDLENESS.

The man coveting, although he were poor, to be counted virtuous, first eschewed idleness, the moth that forest and soonest infecteth the mind with many mischiefs, and applied himself so to his works, being a smith, that he thought no victuals to have that taste which were not purchased by his own sweat. ('Perimedes' [1588], vii., pp. 11, 12.)



JEALOUSY.

When gods had framed the sweet of
 women's face,
 And locked men's looks within their
 golden hair,
 That Phœbus blushed to see their match-
 less grace,
 And heavenly gods on earth did make
 repair,

To quip fair Venus' overweening pride,
Love's happy thoughts to Jealousy were
tied.

Then grew a wrinkle on fair Venus'
brow ;

The amber sweet of love is turned to
gall ;

Gloomy was heaven ; bright Phœbus
did avow

He could be coy, and would not love
at all ;

Swearing no greater mischief could be
wrought

Than love united to a jealous thought.

('Ciceronis Amor' [1589], vii., pp.

123, 124.)



KINGS.

'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.'

Bajazet, Emperor of Turkey.

Leave me, my lords, until I call you
forth,

For I am heavy and disconsolate.

[*Exit all but Bajazet.*

So, Bajazet, now thou remainest alone,

Unrip the thoughts that harbour in thy
breast

And eat thee up ; for arbiter here's none
That may descry the cause of thy unrest,
Unless these walls thy secret thoughts
declare :

And princes' walls they say unfaithful
are.

Why, that's the profit of great regiment,*
That all of us are subject unto fears,
And this vain shew and glorious intent,
Privy suspicion on each scruple rears.

Ay, though on all the world we make
extent,

From the South Pole unto the Northern
Bears,

And stretch our reign from East to
Western shore,

Yet doubt and care are with us ever-
more.

Look how the earth clad in her summer's
pride

Embroidereth her mantle gorgeously
With fragrant herbs and flowers gaily
dyed,

Spreading abroad her spangled tapestry :
Yet under all a loathsome snake doth
hide.

* *government.*

Such is our life ; under crowns cares do
lie,
And fear, the sceptre still attends upon.
Oh, who can take delight in kingly
throne ?
Public disorders joined with private
cark ;
Care of our friends, and of our children
dear,
Do toss our lives, as waves a filly bark.
Though we be fearless, 'tis not without
fear,
For hidden mischief lurketh in the dark :
And storms may fall, be the day ne'er so
clear.
He knows not what it is to be a king
That thinks a sceptre is a pleasant thing.
(*'Selimus,'* xiv., pp. 195, 196.)



*SOLILOQUY OF SELIMUS—
USURPER AND TYRANT.*

Now, Selimus, consider who thou art ;
Long hast thou march'd in disguis'd
attire,
But now unmask thyself, and play thy
part,

And manifest the heat of thy desire ;
 Nourish the coals of thine ambitious fire ;
 And think that then thy empire is most
 sure,
 When men for fear thy tyranny endure.
 Think that to thee there is no worse
 reproach
 Than filial duty in so high a place.
 Thou ought'st to set barrels of blood
 abroach,
 And seek with sword whole kingdoms to
 displace :
 Let Mahound's* laws be locked up in
 their case,
 And meaner men, and of a baser spirit,
 In virtuous actions seek for glorious
 merit.
 I count it sacrilege for to be holy,
 Or reverence this threadbare name of
 good ;
 Leave to old men and babes that kind
 of folly,
 Count it of equal value with the mud :
 Make thou a passage for thy gushing
 flood,
 By slaughter, treason, or what else thou
 can,
 And scorn religion ; it disgraces man.

.
 * *Mahomet.*

Nor pass I what our holy votaries
Shall here object against my forward
mind ;

I reckon not of their foolish ceremonies,
But mean to take my fortune as I find :
Wisdom commands to follow tide and
wind,

And catch the front of swift Occasion,
Before she be too quickly overgone :

Some men will say I am too impious
Thus to lay siege against my father's life,
And that I ought to follow virtuous
And godly sons ; that virtue is a glass
Wherein I may my errant life behold,
And frame myself by it in ancient mould.

Good Sir, your wisdom's overflowing
wit,

Digs deep with Learning's wonder-
working spade :

Perhaps you think that now forsooth
you fit

With some grave wizard in a prattling
shade.

Avaunt such glasses ; let them view in me,
The perfect picture of right tyranny.

Is he my father ? why, I am his son ;
I owe no more to him than he to me.

.

But for I see the Schoolmen are prepar'd
To plant 'gainst me their bookish ordinance,
I mean to stand on a sententious guard ;
And without any far-fetched circumstance,
Quickly unfold mine own opinion,
To arm my heart with Irreligion.
When first this circled round, this building fair,
Some god took out of the confusèd mass
(What god I do not know, nor greatly care) ;
Then every man of his own 'dition was,
And everyone his life in peace did pass.
War was not then, and riches were not known,
And no man said this, or this, is mine own.
The ploughman with a furrow did not mark
How far his great possessions did reach ;
The earth knew not the share, nor seas the bark.
The soldiers enter'd not the batter'd breach,
Nor trumpets the tantara loud did teach.

There needed then no judge, nor yet
no law,
Nor any king of whom to stand in awe.
But after Ninus, warlike Belus' son,
The earth with unknown armour did
array,
Then first the sacred name of king begun,
And things that were as common as the
day,
Did then to set possessors first obey.
Then they establish'd laws and holy rites,
To maintain peace, and govern bloody
fights.
Then some sage man, above the vulgar
wife,
Knowing that laws could not in quiet
dwell,
Unless they were observ'd ; did first
devise
The names of gods, religion, heaven
and hell,
And 'gan of pains and feign'd rewards
to tell :
Pains for those men which did neglect
the law,
Rewards for those that liv'd in quiet awe.
Whereas indeed they were mere fictions,
And if they were not, Selim thinks they
were ;

And these religious observations,
Only bug-bears to keep the world in
fear,

And make men quietly a yoke to bear.

So that Religion of itself a bable,*

Was only found to make us peaceable.

Hence in especial come the foolish names
Of father, mother, brother, and such
like :

For who so well his cogitation frames,
Shall find they serve but only for to
strike

Into our minds a certain kind of love.

For these names too are but a policy

To keep the quiet of society.

Indeed, I must confess they are not
bad,

Because they keep the baser sort in fear ;
But we, whose mind in heavenly thoughts
is clad ;

Whose body doth a glorious spirit bear ;
That hath no bounds, but flieth every-
where ;

Why should we seek to make that soul a
slave,

To which dame Nature so large freedom
gave ?

Amongst us men there is some difference

* *bauble.*

Of actions, termèd by us good or ill :
As he that doth his father recompence,
Differs from him that doth his father
kill.

And yet I think, think other what they
will,

That parricides, when death hath given
them rest,

Shall have as good a part as have the
best ;

And that's just nothing : for as I suppose
In death's void kingdom reigns eternal
night :

Secure of evil, and secure of foes,
Where nothing doth the wicked man
affright,

No more than him that dies in doing
right.

Then since in death nothing shall to us
fall,

Here while I live, I'll have a snatch at
all ;

And that can never, never be attain'd
Unless old Bajazet do die the death.

(' Selimus,' xiv., pp. 201-206.)



Selimus again alone—defeated.

Shall Selim's hope be buried in the dust?
And Bajazet triumph over his fall?

Then oh, thou blindful mistress of
misshap,

Chief patroness of Rhamus'* golden gates,
I will advance my strong revenging hand,
And pluck thee from thy ever-turning
wheel.

Mars, or Minerva, Mahound, Terma-
gunt,

Or whoso'er you are that fight 'gainst me,
Come, and but show yourselves before
my face,

And I will rend you all like trembling
reeds.

Well, Bajazet, though Fortune smile
on thee,

And deck thy camp with glorious
victory;

Though Selimus now conquered by thee
Is fain to put his safety in swift flight;

Yet so he flies, that like an angry ram
He'll turn more fiercely than before he
came.

(*Ibid.*, p. 218.)

* Misprinted so for Rhamnus = Ramnusia,
surname of Nemesis.—G.

*JONAH'S APPEAL TO
LONDON AND ENGLAND.*

You Islanders, on whom the milder air
Doth sweetly breathe the balm of kind
increase ;

Whose lands are fatt'ned with the dew
of Heaven,

And made more fruitful than Aſtean
plains ;

You, whom delicious pleasures dandle
ſoft ;

Whose eyes are blinded with ſecurity ;
Unmask yourselves, caſt error clean
aſide.

O, London, maiden of the miſtreſs
Iſle,

Wrapt in the folds and ſwathing clouts
of ſhame,

In thee more ſins than Nineveh con-
tains :

Contempt of God, deſpite of reverend
age,

Neglect of law, deſire to wrong the
poor,

Corruption, whoredom, drunkenneſs,
and pride.

Swollen are thy brows with impudence
and ſhame :

O, proud, adulterous glory of the West,
Thy neighbours burn, yet dost thou fear
no fire ;
Thy preachers cry, yet dost thou stop
thine ears ;
The 'larum rings, yet sleepeth thou
secure.
London, awake, for fear the Lord do
frown.
I set a looking-glass before thine eyes,
O turn, O turn, with weeping to the
Lord,
And think the prayers and virtues of
thy Queen*
Defers the plague which otherwise
would fall.
Repent, O London, lest for thine offence,
Thy shepherd fail, whom mighty God
preserve :
That she may 'bide the pillar of the
Church
Against the storms of Romish anti-Christ;
The hand of mercy overshadow her head ;
And let all faithful subjects say Amen.
(*'A Looking-glass for London and Eng-
land'* [1594], xiv., pp. 112, 113.)



* Elizabeth.—G.

DISPRAISE OF LOVE.

Some say Love,
 Foolish Love,
Doth rule and govern all the gods :
I say Love,
 Inconstant Love,
Sets men's senses far at odds.
Some swear Love,
 Smooth-fac'd Love,
Is sweetest sweet that men can have :
I say Love,
 Sour Love,
Makes Virtue yield as Beauty's slave :
A bitter sweet, a folly worst of all,
That forceth Wisdom to be Folly's thrall.

Love is sweet :
 Wherein sweet ?
In fading pleasures that do pain.
Beauty sweet :
 Is that sweet,
That yieldeth sorrow for a gain ?
If Love's sweet,
 Herein sweet,
That minutes' joys are monthly woes :
'Tis not sweet,
 That is sweet
Nowhere but where repentance grows :

Then love who list, if Beauty be so four ;
 Labour for me, Love rest in prince's
 bower.

(' Menaphon ' [1589], vi., pp. 41, 42.)



LOVE (= Cupid as child).

Fond, feigning poets make of love a god,
 And leave the laurel for the myrtle-
 boughs

When Cupid is a child not past the rod,
 And fair Diana Daphne most allows :
 I'll wear the bays, and call the wag a
 boy,
 And think of love but as a foolish toy.

Some give him bow and quiver at his
 back ;

Some make him blind to aim without
 advice ;

When, naked wretch, such feathered
 bolts he lack

And fight he hath, but cannot wrong
 the wife ;

For use but labour's weapon for defence,
 And Cupid, like a coward, flieth thence.

He's god in Court, but cottage calls him
child ;
And Vesta's virgins with their holy
fires
Do cleanse the thoughts that fancy hath
defiled,
And burn the palace of his fond
desires ;
With chaste disdain they scorn the foolish
god,
And prove him but a boy not past the
rod.
(*'Ciceronis Amor'* [1589], vii., p. 136.)

*LOVE'S TREACHERY.**

Cupid abroad was 'lated in the night,
His wings were wet with ranging in
the rain ;
Harbour he sought, to me he took his
flight,
To dry his plumes : I heard the boy
complain ;
I oped the door, and granted his desire ;
I rose myself, and made the wag a fire.

* After Anacreon. Another slightly variant
text in *'Alcida'* (1588).

Looking more narrow by the fire's flame,
I spied his quiver hanging by his
back :

Doubting the boy might my misfortune
frame,

I would have gone for fear of further
wrack ;

But what I drad, did me, poor wretch,
betide ;

For forth he drew an arrow from his
side.

He pierced the quick, and I began to
start ;

A pleasing wound, but that it was too
high ;

His shaft procured a sharp yet sugared
smart :

Away he flew, for why* his wings
were dry ;

But left the arrow sticking in my breast,
That fore I grieved I welcomed such a
guest.

(' The Orpharion ' [1589], xii., pp.
73, 74.)



* *because.*

*DORON'S DESCRIPTION OF
SAMELA.*

Like to Diana in her summer-weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest
dye,

Goes fair Samela ;

Whiter than be the flocks that straggling
feed,

When washed by Arethusa, faint* they
lie,

Is fair Samela ;

As fair Aurora in her morning grey,
Decked with the ruddy glister of her
love,

Is fair Samela ;

Like lovely Thetis on a calmèd day,
Whenas her brightness Neptune's fancy
move,

Shines fair Samela ;

Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy
streams ;

Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory ;
Of fair Samela ;

* Sidney Walker plausibly proposes 'fount ;'
but 'faint' is the undoubted reading, and
yields an excellent sense.—G.

Her cheeks, like rose and lily, yield
forth gleams ;

Her brows bright arches framed of ebony :

Thus fair Samela

'Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,

And Juno in the show of majesty :

For she's Samela ;

Pallas in wit, all three if you will view,

For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,

Yield to Samela.

('Menaphon' [1589], vi., pp. 65, 66.)



*N'OSEREZ VOUS, MON BEL
AMI?*

Sweet Adon, darest not glance thine
eye,—

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—

Upon thy Venus that must die?

Je vous en prie, pity me ;

N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

See how sad thy Venus lies,—

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—

Love in heart, and tears in eyes ;

Je vous en prie, pity me ;

*N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?*

Thy face as fair as Paphos' brooks,—

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?—

Wherein Fancy baits her hooks ;

Je vous en prie, pity me ;

N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?

Thy cheeks, like cherries that do grow,—

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?—

Amongst the Western mounts of snow ;

Je vous en prie, pity me ;

N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?

Thy lips vermilion, full of love,—

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?—

Thy neck as silver-white as dove ;

Je vous en prie, pity me ;

N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?

Thine eyes, like flames of holy fires,—

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?—

Burn all my thoughts with sweet desires ;

Je vous en prie, pity me ;

N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?—

All thy beauties fling my heart ;—

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?—

I must die through Cupid's dart ;

Je vous en prie, pity me ;

N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?

Wilt thou let thy Venus die ?—

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?—

Adon were unkind, say I,—

Je vous en prie, pity me ;

N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?

To let fair Venus die for woe,—

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?—

That doth love sweet Adon so ;

Je vous en prie, pity me ;

N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?

(‘Never Too Late’ [1590], viii., pp.
75, 76.)



*EURYMACHUS' FANCY IN THE
PRIME OF HIS AFFECTION.*

When lordly Saturn, in a fable robe,
Sat full of frowns and mourning in the
West ;

The evening star scarce peeped from
out her lodge,

And Phœbus newly galloped to his rest ;
Even then

Did I

Within my boat sit in the silent streams,
All void of cares as he that lies and
dreams.

As Phao, so a ferryman I was ;

The country-lasses said I was too fair :

With easy toil I laboured at mine oar,

To pass from side to side who did repair ;

And then

Did I

For pains take pence, and, Charon-like,
transport

As soon the swain as men of high
import.

When want of work did give me leave
to rest,

My sport was catching of the wanton
fish :

So did I wear the tedious time away,
And with my labour mended oft my
dish ;

For why*

I thought

That idle hours were calendars of
ruth,
And time ill-spent was prejudice to
youth.

I scorned to love ; for were the nymph
as fair

As she that loved the beauteous Latmian
swain ;

Her face, her eyes, her tresses, nor her
brows

Like ivory could my affection gain ;

For why

I said

With high disdain, 'Love is a base
desire,

And Cupid's flames, why, they're but
watery fire.'

As thus I sat, disdainful of proud love,
'Have over, ferryman !' there cried a
boy ;

* *because.*

And with him was a paragon for
hue,
A lovely damfel, beauteous and coy ;
And there
With her
A maiden, covered with a tawny veil ;
Her face unseen for breeding lover's
bale.

I steered my boat, and when I came to
shore,
The boy was winged ; methought it
was a wonder ;
The dame had eyes like lightning, or
the flash
That runs before the hot report of
thunder ;
Her smiles
Were sweet,
Lovely her face ; was ne'er so fair a
creature ;
For earthly carcase had a heavenly
feature.

'My friend,' quoth she, 'sweet ferry-
man, behold,
We three must pass, but not a farthing
fare ;

But I will give, for I am Queen of
love,
The brightest lass thou lik'st unto thy
share ;

Choose where

Thou lovest,

Be she as fair as Love's sweet lady is,
She shall be thine, if that will be thy
bliss.'

With that she smiled with such a pleasing
face

As might have made the marble rock
relent ;

But I, that triumphed in disdain of
love,

Bade fie on him that to fond love was
bent :

And then

Said thus,

' So light the ferryman for love doth
care,

As Venus pass not if she pay no fare.'

At this a frown sat on her angry
brow ;

She winks upon her wanton son hard
by ;

He from his quiver drew a bolt of fire,

And aimed so right as that he pierced
mine eye ;

And then

Did she

Draw down the veil that hid the virgin's
face,

Whose heavenly beauty lightened all the
place.*

Straight then I leaned mine arm upon
mine oar,

And looked upon the nymph (if so†) was
fair ;

Her eyes were stars, and like Apollo's
locks

Methought appeared the trammels of
her hair :

Thus did

I gaze,

And sucked in beauty, till that sweet
desire

Cast fuel on, and set my thoughts on fire.

When I was lodged within the net of
love,

And thus they saw my heart was all on
flame ;

* Spenser probably inspired this exquisite
fancy.—G.

† Query, *if she* ?

The nymph away, and with her trips
along

The wingèd boy, and with her goes his
dame :

O, then

I cried,

‘ Stay, ladies, stay, and take not any care,
You all shall pass, and pay no penny
fare.’

Away they fling, and looking coyly back,
They laugh at me, O, with a loud dis-
dain !

I send out sighs to overtake the nymphs,
And tears, as lures, to call them back
again ;

But they

Fly thence ;

But I sit in my boat, with hand on oar,
And feel a pain, but know not what’s
the fore.

At last I feel it is the flame of love ;
I strive, but bootless, to express the pain ;
It cools, it fires, it hopes, it fears, it frets,
And stirreth passions throughout every
vein ;

That down

I sat,

And fighting did fair Venus' laws approve,
 And swore no thing so sweet and four
 as love.
 ('Francesco's Fortunes ; or, the Second
 Part of Never too Late' [1590], viii.,
 pp. 175-179.)



LOVE.

Mullidor's Madrigal.

Dildido, dildido,
 O love, O love,
 I feel thy rage rumble below and above!

In summer-time I saw a face,
Trop belle pour moi, hélas, hélas !
 Like to a stoned-horse was her pace :
 Was ever young man so dismayed ?
 Her eyes, like wax-torches, did make
 me afraid :

Trop belle pour moi, voilà mon trépas.

Thy beauty, my love, exceedeth sup-
 poses ;
 Thy hair is a nettle for the nicest roses.
Mon dieu, aide moi !

That I with the primrose of my fresh
wit

May tumble her tyranny under my feet :

Hé donc je serai un jeune roi !

Trop belle pour moi, hélas, hélas !

Trop belle pour moi, voilà mon trépas.

(‘ Francesco’s Fortunes ; or, the Second
part of Never too Late,’ viii., p. 217.)



PASSIONATE LOVERS.

Whofo readeth the Romish Records
and Grecian Histories, and turneth over
the volumes filled with the reports of
passionate lovers, shall find sundry son-
nets fauced with sorrowful passions,
divers ditties declaring their dumps,
careful complaints, woeful wailings, and
a thousand sundry hapless motions,
wherein the poor perplexed lovers do
point out how the beauty of their mistress
hath amazed their minds, how their
fancy is fettered with their exquisite
perfection, how they are snared with the
form of her feature [= person], how the
gifts of Nature so bountifully bestowed
upon her hath entangled their minds

and bewitched their senses : that her excellent virtue, and singular bounty hath so charmed their affections, and her rare qualities hath so drowned them in desire, as they esteem her courtesy more than Cæsar's kingdoms, her love more than lordships, and her good will more than all worldly wealth. Tush, all treasure is but trash in respect of her person. ('Morando' [1587], iii., pp. 63, 64.)



*EURYMACHUS IN PRAISE OF
MIRIMIDA.*

When Flora, proud in pomp of all her
flowers,

Sat bright and gay,

And gloried in the dew of Iris showers,

And did display

Her mantle chequered all with gaudy
green :

Then I

Alone

A mournful man in Erecine was seen.

With folded arms I trampled through
the grafs,

Tracing, as he
That held the Throne of Fortune brittle
glafs,

And love to be
Like fortune fleeting, as the restless wind
Mixed

With mists,
Whose damp doth make the clearest eyes
grow blind.

Thus in a maze I spied a hideous flame :

I cast my sight,
And saw where blythely bathing in the
fame,

With great delight,
A worm did lie, wrapt in a smoky sweat:
And yet

'Twas strange
It careless lay, and shrunk not at the
heat.

I stood amazed, and wondering at the
sight,

While that a dame
That shone like to the heaven's rich
sparkling light,

Discourfed the same :

And said, My friend, this worm within
the fire

Which lies

Content,

Is Venus' worm, and represents Desire.

A Salamander is this princely beast,

Deck'd with a crown,

Given him by Cupid, as a gorgeous
crest

'Gainst Fortune's frown :

Content he lies, and bathes him in the
flame,

And goes

Not forth :

For why he cannot live without the
fame.

As he : so lovers lie within the fire

Of fervent love,

And shrink not from the flame of hot
desire,

Nor will not move

From any heat that Venus' force im-
parts :

But lie

Content

Within a fire, and waste away their
hearts.

Up flew the dame, and vanish'd in a
cloud,

But there stood I,
And many thoughts within my mind did
shroud

Of love : for why
I felt within my heart a scorching fire,
And yet
As did

The Salamander, 'twas my whole desire.
(*'Never too Late'* [1590], viii., pp.
207-209.)



LOVE—WHAT?

What thing is love ? It is a power divine
That reigns in us ; or else a wreakful
law

That dooms our minds to beauty to in-
cline :

It is a star, whose influence doth draw
Our hearts to Love, dissembling of
his might,
Till he be master of our hearts and
fight.

Love is a discord, and a strange divorce
Betwixt our sense and reason, by whose
power,

As mad with reason, we admit that force,
Which wit or labour never may devour.

It is a will that brooketh no consent :
It would refuse, yet never may repent.

Love's a desire, which for to wait a time,
Doth lose an age of years, and so doth
pass,

As doth the shadow sever'd from his
prime,

Seeming as though it were, yet never
was :

Leaving behind nought but repentant
thoughts

Of days ill spent, for that which
profits noughts.

It's now a peace, and then a sudden war ;
A hope consum'd before it is conceiv'd ;
At hand it fears, and menaceth afar,

And he that gains is most of all deceiv'd :
It is a secret hidden and not known,
Which one may better feel than write
upon.

(‘ Menaphon ’ [1589], vi., pp. 140, 141.)



GENTLE COURTSHIPS
REJECTED.

Grime. I say, Sir Gilbert, looking on
my daughter,
I curse the hour that ever I got the
girl :
For, Sir, she may have many wealthy
suitsors,
And yet she disdains them all,
To have poor George a Greene unto
her husband.

Bonfield. On that, good Grime, I am
talking with thy daughter ;
But she, in quirks and quiddities of love,
Sets me to school, she is so over-wise.
But, gentle girl, if thou wilt forsake the
Pinner,
And be my love, I will advance thee
high :
To dignify those hairs of amber hue,
I'll grace them with a chaplet made of
pearl,
Set with choice rubies, sparks, and
diamonds
Planted upon a velvet hood, to hide that
head
Wherein two sapphires burn like spark-
ling fire :

This will I do, fair Bettris, and far more,
If thou wilt love the Lord of Doncaster.

Bettris. Heigh ho, my heart is in a
higher place,

Perhaps on the earl, if that be he :

See where he comes, or angry, or in
love ;

For why, his colour looketh discontent.

(‘George a Greene, the Pinner of Wake-
field’ [1599], xiv., pp. 131, 132.)



*GEORGE A GREENE AND
BEATRICE (BETTRIS).*

George. Tell me, sweet love, how is
thy mind content ?

What, canst thou brook to live with
George a Greene ?

Bettris. Oh, George, how little pleas-
ing are these words ?

Came I from Bradford for the love of
thee,

And left my father for so sweet a friend ?
Here will I live until my life do end.

George. Happy am I to have so sweet
a love.

(*Ibid.*, p. 168.)

LOVE-SUPPLANTER.

*Edward, Prince of Wales.**Lacy, Earl of Lincoln.*

Enter Prince Edward, with his poniard in his hand : Lacy and Margaret.

Edward. Lacy, thou canst not shroud
thy traitrous thoughts,
Nor cover, as did Cassius, all his wiles ;
For Edward hath an eye that looks as far
As Linceus from the shores of Grecia.
Did not I sit in Oxford by the friar,
And see thee court the maid of Frefing-
field,
Sealing thy flattering fancies with a kiss ?
Did not proud Bungay draw his portaffe
forth,
And joining hand in hand had married
you,
If Friar Bacon had not strook him dumb,
And mounted him upon a spirit's back,
That we might chat at Oxford with the
friar ?
Traitor, what answerest, is not all this
true ?
Lacy. Truth all, my lord, and thus I
make reply :

At Harlstone Fair there courting for
 your grace,
 Whenas mine eye survey'd her curious
 shape,*
 And drew the beauteous glory of her
 looks,
 To dive into the centre of my heart ;
 Love taught me that your honour did
 but jest,
 That princes were in fancy but as men :
 How that the lovely maid of Frefingfield
 Was fitter to be Lacy's wedded wife,
 Than concubine unto the Prince of
 Wales.

Edward. Injurious Lacy, did I love
 thee more

Than Alexander his Hephestion ?
 Did I unfold the passion of my love,
 And lock them in the closet of thy
 thoughts ?

Wert thou to Edward second to himself,
 Sole friend, and partner of his secret
 loves ?

And could a glance of fading beauty
 break

Th'inchained feters of such private
 friends ?

* *curiosity-exciting shape.*

Base coward, false, and too effeminate,
To be co-rival with a prince in thoughts:
From Oxford have I posted since I dined,
To'quite a traitor 'fore that Edward sleep.

Margaret. 'Twas I, my lord, not
Lacy stepp'd awry,

For oft he sued and courted for yourself,
And still woo'd for the courtier all in
green ;

But I whom fancy made but overfond,
Pleaded myself with looks as if I lov'd ;
I fed mine eye with gazing on his face,
And still bewitch'd, lov'd Lacy with my
looks :

My heart with sighs, mine eyes pleaded
with tears,

My face held pity and content at once,
And more I could not cipher out by
signs,

But that I lov'd Lord Lacy with my
heart.

Then, worthy Edward, measure with
thy mind,

If women's favours will not force men
fall ;

If beauty, and if darts of piercing love
Is not of force to bury thoughts of
friends. . . .

(' Friar Bacon,' xiii., pp. 49-51.)

LOVE NO MORTAL PASSION.

Truly, fir (quoth Panthia), to speak my mind freely without affectation, in this case this is my opinion. That love being no mortal passion, but a supernatural influence allotted unto every man by Destiny, charmeth and enchanteth the minds of mortal creatures, not according to their wills, but as the decree of the Fates shall determine, for some are in love at the first look. As was Perseus with Andromeda. Some never to be reclaimed, as was Narcissus. Others scorched at the first sight, as Venus herself was of Adonis. Some always proclaim open wars to Cupid, as did Daphne. Thus I conclude, that men or women are no more or less subject unto love, respecting their natural constitution, but by the secret influence of a certain supernatural constellation. ('Morando' [1587], iii., p. 108.)



SILVESTRO'S LADY-LOVE.

Her stature like the tall straight cedar-trees,
Whose stately bulks doth fame th' Arabian groves ;
A face like princely Juno when she braved
The Queen of Love 'fore Paris in the vale :
A front beset with love and courtesy ;
A face like modest Pallas when she blush'd
A silly shepherd should be Beauty's judge :
A lip sweet ruby red, grac'd with delight ;
A cheek wherein for interchange of hue
A wrangling strife 'twixt lily and the rose :
Her eyes, two twinkling stars in Winter nights,
When chilling frost doth clear the azur'd sky ;
Her hair of golden hue doth dim the beams
That proud Apollo giveth from his coach :
The Gnydian doves, whose white and snowy pens

Doth stain the silver-streaming ivory,
May not compare with those two moving
hills

Which, topt with pretty teats, discovers
down a vale

Wherein the god of love may deign to
sleep ;

A foot like Thetis when she tript the
lands

To steal Neptune's favour with her steps.

(*'Tritameron,' 2nd pt. [1587], iii.,
p. 123.*)



*MENALCAS—THE PRODIGAL'S
RETURN.*

The silent shade had shadowed every
tree,

And Phœbus in the west was shrouded
low ;

Each hive had home her busy labouring
bee ;

Each bird the harbour of the night did
know :

Even then,
When thus

All things did from their weary labour
 lin,
 Menalcas fate and thought him of his
 fin.

His head on hand, his elbow on his
 knee,
 And tears, like dew, bedrench'd upon
 his face ;
 His face as sad as any swain's might be ;
 His thoughts and dumps befitting well
 the place :

Even then,
 When thus
 Menalcas fate in passions all alone,
 He sighèd then, and thus he 'gan to
 moan.

I that fed flocks upon Theffalia's plains
 And bade my lambs to feed on daffodil,
 That liv'd on milk and curds, poor
 shepherd's gains,
 And merry fate, and pip'd upon a
 pleasant hill.

Even then,
 When thus
 I fate secure and fear'd not Fortune's
 ire,
 Mine eyes eclips'd, fast blinded by desire.

Then lofty thoughts began to lift my
mind ;

I grudg'd and thought my fortune was
too low ;

A shepherd's life 'twas base and out of
kind ;

The tallest cedars have the fairest grow.

Even then,

When thus

Pride did intend the sequel of my ruth,
Began the faults and follies of my
youth.

I left the fields, and took me to the
town ;

Fold sheep who lift, the hook was cast
away,

Menalcas would not be a country clown,
Nor shepherd's weeds, but garments far
more gay :

Even then,

When thus

Aspiring thoughts did follow after ruth,
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

My suits were filk, my talk was all of
State ;

I stretch'd beyond the compass of my
fleeve ;

The bravest courtier was Menalcas'
mate ;

Spend what I would, I never thought
on grief.

Even then,

When thus

I lash'd out lavish, then began my ruth,
And then I felt the follies of my
youth.

I cast mine eye on every wanton face,
And straight desire did hale me on to
love ;

Then, lover-like, I pray'd for Venus'
grace,

That she my mistress' deep affects might
move :

Even then,

When thus

Love trapp'd me in the fatal bands of
ruth,

Began the faults and follies of my youth.

No cost I spar'd to please my mistress'
eye ;

No time ill spent in presence of her
sight ;

Yet oft she frown'd, and then her love
must die,

But when she smil'd, oh then a happy
wight :

Even then,

When thus

Desire did draw me on to deem of ruth,
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

The day in poems often did I pass,
The night in sighs and sorrows for her
grace ;

And she as fickle as the brittle glass,
Held sunshine showers within her flattering
face :

Even then,

When thus

I spied the woes that women's love
ensueth,

I saw, and loath'd the follies of my youth.

I noted oft that beauty was a blaze ;
I saw that love was but a heap of cares ;
That such as stood as deer do at the gaze,
And sought their wealth amongst affection's
snares ;

Even such,

I saw,

With hot pursuit did follow after ruth,
And fostered up the follies of their
youth.

Thus clogg'd with love, with passions
 and with grief,
 I saw the country life had least moleſt ;
 I felt a wound and pain would have
 relief,
 And thus reſolv'd, I thought would fall
 out beſt :

Even then,
 When thus
 I felt my ſenſes almoſt ſold to ruth,
 I thought to leave the follies of my youth.

To flocks again, away the wanton town ;
 Fond pride, avaunt, give me the ſhep-
 herd's hook ;
 A coat of gray, I'll be a country clown :
 Mine eye ſhall ſcorn on beauty for to
 look :

No more,
 A-do :
 Both pride and love, are ever pain'd*
 with ruth,
 And therefore farewell the follies of my
 youth.

(' Mourning Garment ' [1590], ix.,
 pp. 214-218.)

* *pair'd* (?)

MISERRIMUS.

Deceiving world, that with alluring toys
Hast made my life the subject of thy
scorn,
And scornest now to lend thy fading
joys
T'outlength my life, whom friends
have left forlorn ;
How well are they that die ere they
be born,
And never see thy sleights, which few
men shun
Till unawares they helpless are un-
done !
Oft have I sung of Love and of his
fire ;
But now I find that poet was advised
Which made full feasts increasers of
desire,
And proves weak love was with the
poor despised ;
For when the life with food is not
sufficed,
What thoughts of Love, what motion
of delight,
What pleasure can proceed from such
a wight ?

Witness my want, the murderer of my
wit,

My ravished sense, of wonted fury
reft,

Wants such conceit, as should in poems
fit,

Set down the sorrow wherein I am
left :

But therefore have high heavens their
gifts bereft,

Because so long they lent them me to
use,

And I so long their bounty did abuse.

O, that a year were granted me to live,
And for that year my former wit
restored !

What rules of life, what counsel would
I give,

How should my sin with sorrow be
deplored !

But I must die of every man abhorred :
Time loosely spent will not again be
won ;

My time is loosely spent, and I un-
done.

(‘Groat’s-worth of Wit, bought with a
Million of Repentance’ [1592], xii.,
pp. 137, 138.)

PALMER'S ODE.

Down the valley 'gan he track,
Bag and bottle at his back,
In a furcoat all of gray ;
Such wear Palmers on the way,
When with scrip and staff they see
Jesús' grave on Calvary.
A hat of straw like a swain
Shelter for the sun and rain,
With a scollop shell before :
Sandals on his feet he wore ;
Legs were bare, arms unclad ;
Such attire this Palmer had.
His face fair like Titan's shine,
Gray and buxom were his eyne,
Whereout dropt pearls of sorrow :
Such sweet tears Love doth borrow,
When in outward dew she plains
Heart's distress that lovers pains :
Ruby lips, cherry cheeks :
Such rare mixture Venus seeks,
When to keep her damsels quiet
Beauty sets them down their diet :
Adon was not thought more fair.
Curled locks of amber hair—
Locks where Love did fit and twine
Nets to snare the gazer's eyne :

Such a Palmer ne'er was seen,
 Less love himself had Palmer been,
 Yet for all he was so quaint
 Sorrow did his visage taint.*
 Midst the riches of his face,
 Grief decipher'd his disgrace,
 Every step strain'd a tear,
 Sudden sighs show'd his fear :
 And yet his fear by his fight,
 Ended in a strange delight.
 That his passions did approve,
 Weeds and sorrow were for love.
 (Greene's 'Never too Late' [1590], viii.,
 pp. 13-15.)



ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

Old Menalcas on a day,
 As in field this shepherd lay,
 Tuning of his oaten pipe,
 Which he hit with many a stripe ;
 Said to Corydon that he
 Once was young and full of glee :
 Blythe and wanton was I then,
 Such desires follow men.

* *tint.*

As I lay and kept my sheep,
Came the god that hateth sleep,
Clad in armour all of fire,
Hand in hand with Queen Desire :
And with a dart that wounded nigh,
Pierc'd my heart as I did lie :
That when I woke I 'gan swear,
Phillis' beauty palm did bear.
Up I start, forth went I
With her face to feed mine eye :
There I saw Desire fit,
That my heart with love had hit,
Laying forth bright Beauty's hooks
To entrap my gazing looks.
Love I did, and 'gan to woo,
Pray and sigh ; all would not do :
Women when they take the toy*
Covet to be counted coy.
Coy she was, and I 'gan court ;
She thought love was but a sport.
Profound Hell was in my thought :
Such a pain Desire had wrought,
That I sued with sighs and tears.
Still ingrate she stopt her ears
Till my youth I had spent.
Last a passion of repent,
Told me flat that Desire,

* *trifling, playing.*

Was a brand of Love's fire,
 Which consumeth men in thrall,
 Virtue, youth, wit, and all.
 At this faw back I start,
 But Desire from my heart,
 Shook off Love ; and made an oath,
 To be enemy to both.
 Old I was when thus I fled,
 Such fond toys as cloy'd my head.
 But this I learn'd at Virtue's gate,
 The way to good is never late.

(*Ibid.*, pp. 17-19.)



*THE PENITENT PALMER'S
 ODE.*

Whilom in the Winter's rage
 A Palmer old and full of age,
 Sat and thought upon his youth,
 With eyes, tears, and heart of ruth :
 Being all with cares yblent,
 When he thought on years misspent.
 Then his follies came to mind,
 How fond love had made him blind,
 And wrapt him in a field of woes,
 Shadowed with Pleasure's shoes ;
 Then he sighèd and said alas !
 Man is fin, and flesh is grafs.

I thought my mistress' hairs were gold,
And in their locks my heart I fold :
Her amber tresses were the sight
That wrappèd me in vain delight :
Her ivory front, her pretty chin,
Were snares* that drew me on to sin :
Her starry looks, her crystal eyes,
Brighter than the sun's arise :
Sparkling pleasing flames of fire,
Yoked my thoughts and my desire,
That I 'gan cry ere I blin,†
Oh, her eyes are paths to sin !
Her face was fair, her breath was sweet,
All her looks for love was meet :
But love is folly, this I know,
And beauty fadeth like to snow.
Oh, why should man delight in pride,
Whose blossom like a dew doth glide ;
When these supposes touch'd my thought,
That world was vain and beauty nought,
I 'gan sigh and say alas !
Man is sin, and flesh is grass.

(*Ibid.*, pp. 122, 123.)



* *snares.*

† usually explained = *cease* : but qu. = '*grow blind.*'—G.

PASTORAL.

The Description of the Shepherd and his Wife.

It was near a thicky fhade
 That broad leaves of beech had made ;
 Joining all their tops so nigh
 That scarce Phœbus in could pry,
 To see if lovers in the thick*
 Could dally with a wanton trick.
 Where fate the fwain and his wife
 Sporting in that pleasing life
 That Corydon commendeth so,
 All other lives to over-go.
 He and she did fit and keep
 Flocks of kids and folds of sheep :
 He upon his pipe did play,
 She tun'd voice unto his lay.
 And for you might her hufwife know
 Voice did fing and fingers few ;
 He was young, his coat was green,
 With welts† of white, seam'd between,
 Turnèd over with a flap
 That breast and bosom in did wrap ;
 Skirts side and pleated‡ free,
 Seemly hanging to his knee.

* *thicket.*† *fringes.*‡ *plaited.*

A whittle* with a silver chape ;†
 Cloak was russet, and the cape
 Servèd for a bonnet oft
 To shroud him from the wet aloft.
 A leather scrip of colour red,
 With a button on the head ;
 A bottle full of country whigt‡
 By the shepherd's side did lig :§
 And in a little bush hard by
 There the shepherd's dog did lie ;
 Who while his master 'gan to sleep
 Well could watch both kids and sheep.
 The shepherd was a frolic swain,
 For though his 'parell was but plain,
 Yet doone|| the Authors soothly say
 His colour was both fresh and gay ;
 And in their writes¶ plain discufs
 Fairer was not Tityrus,
 Nor Menalcas, whom they call
 The alderleefest** swain of all :
 'Seeming†† him was his wife,
 Both in line‡‡ and in life ;
 Fair she was as fair might be,
 Like the roses on the tree ;

* clasp-knife.

† clasp.

‡ whey.

§ lie.

|| do.

¶ writings, as, 'thick' for 'thicket' above.

—G.

** dearest of all. †† be-seeming. ‡‡ lineage.

Buxom, blithe, and young, I ween ;
 Beauteous, like a Summer's queen :
 For her cheeks were ruddy hued
 As if lilies were imbrued
 With drops of blood, to make the white
 Please the eye with more delight ;
 Love did lie within her eyes
 In ambush for some wanton prize :
 A leeper* las than this had been,
 Corydon had never seen ;
 Nor was Phillis that fair May
 Half so gaudy or so gay :†
 She wore a chaplet on her head ;
 Her cassock was of scarlet red,
 Long and large, as straight as bent ;‡
 Her middle was both small and gent.§
 If country loves such sweet desires gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd
 fwain ?

(' Mourning Garment ' [1590], ix.,
 pp. 141-144.)



* *dearer.*

‡ *grass.*

† *joyful, bright.*

§ *genteel.*

*PASTORAL.**The Shepherd's Ode.*

Walking in a valley green
Spied I Flora, Summer queen :
Where she, heaping all her graces,
Niggard seem'd in other places :
Spring it was, and here did spring
All that Nature forth can bring ;
Groves of pleasant trees there grow,
Which fruit and shadow could bestow ;
Thick-leaved boughs small birds cover
Till sweet notes themselves discover ;
Tunes for number seem'd confounded
Whilst their mixture's music founded :
Greeting well, yet not agreed
That one the other should exceed.
A sweet stream here silent glides
Whose clear water no fish hides ;
Slow it runs, which well bewray'd
The pleasant shore the current stay'd :
In this stream a rock was planted
Where nor art nor nature wanted :
Each thing so did other grace
As all places may give place ;
Only this the place of pleasure
Where is heap'd Nature's treasure.

Here mine eyes with wonder staid,
Eyes amaz'd and mind afraid :
Ravisht with what was beheld,
From departing were withheld.
Musing then with sound advice
On this earthly paradise ;
Sitting by the river side
Lovely Phillis was descried :
Gold her hair, bright her eyne
Like to Phœbus in his shine ;
White her brow, her face was fair,
Amber-breath perfum'd the air ;
Rose and lily both did seek
To shew their glory on her cheek.
Love did nestle in her looks,
Baiting there his sharpest hooks :
Such a Phillis ne'er was seen
More beautiful than Love's queen.
Doubt it was whose greater grace,
Phillis' beauty, or the place.
Her coat was of scarlet-red,
All in pleats* a mantle spread :
Fring'd with gold ; a wreath of boughs
To check the sun from her brows.
In her hand a shepherd's hook,
In her face Diana's look :
Her sheep graz'd on the plains
She had stolen from the swains :

* *plaits.*

Under a cool filent shade,
By the streams she garlands made.
Thus fate Phillis all alone :
Miffed she was by Corydon,
Chieftest fwain, of all the reft
Lovely Phillis likt him beft.
His face was like Phœbus' love,
His neck white as Venus' dove ;
A ruddy cheek fill'd with smiles,
Such Love hath when he beguiles :
His locks brown, his eyes were gray,
Like Titan in a Summer day.
A ruffet jacket, sleeves red ;
A blue bonnet on his head ;
A cloak of gray fenc'd the rain ;
Thus 'tyred was this lovely fwain.
A fhepherd's hook her dog tied,
Bag and bottle by his fide :
Such was Paris, fhepherds fay,
When with CEnone he did play.
From his flock ftray'd Corydon,
Spying Phillis all alone :
By the fream he Phillis fpied,
Braver than was Flora's pride :
Down the valley 'gan he track,
Stole behind his true love's back :
The fun fhone and fhadow made ;
Phillis rofe and was afraid.
When she faw her lover there,

Smile she did, and left her fear :
 Cupid that disdain doth loath
 With desire strake them both.
 The swain did woo, she was nice,
 Following fashion nay'd* him twice :
 Much ado he kiss'd her then ;
 Maidens blush when they kiss men :
 So did Phillis at that stowre.†
 Her face was like the rose flower.
 Last they 'greed, for Love would so,
 Faith and troth they would no mo.
 For shepherds ever held it sin
 To false the love they livèd in.
 The swain gave a girdle red,
 She set garlands on his head.
 Gifts were given, they kiss again,
 Both did smile, for both were fain.‡
 Thus was love 'mongst shepherds sold
 When fancy knew not what was gold :
 They woo'd and vow'd and that they
 keep,
 And go contented to their sheep.

('Ciceronis Amor' [1589], vii., pp.
 180-184.)



* *denied.*

† *contention.*

‡ *fond.*

*PHILLIS AND CORIDON.**A Pastoral.*

Phillis kept sheep along the Western
plains,

And Coridon did feed his flocks hard
by ;

This shepherd was the flower of all the
swains

That traced the downs of fruitful
Theffaly ;

And Phillis, that did far her flocks sur-
pass

In silver hue, was thought a bonny lass.

A bonny lass, quaint in her country 'tire,

Was lovely Phillis,—Coridon more so ;

Her locks, her looks, did set the swain
on fire ;

He left his lambs, and he began to
woo ;

He looked, he sighed, he courted with
a kiss ;

No better could the silly swad* than this.

He little knew to paint a tale of love ;

Shepherds can fancy, but they cannot
say ;

* *swain, clown.*

Phillis 'gan smile, and wily thought to
prove

What uncouth* grief poor Coridon
did pay ;

She asked him how his flocks or he did
fare ?

Yet pensive thus his sighs did tell his
care.

The shepherd blushed when Phillis
questioned so,

And swore by Pan it was not for his
flocks ;

' 'Tis love, fair Phillis, breedeth all this
woe,

My thoughts are trapt within thy
lovely locks ;

Thine eye hath pierced, thy face hath
set on fire ;

Fair Phillis kindleth Coridon's desire.'

' Can shepherds love ?' said Phillis to
the swain :

' Such faints as Phillis,' Coridon re-
plied :

' Men when they lust can many fancies
feign,'

Said Phillis. This not Coridon de-
nied,

* *clownish, awkward.*

That lust had lies ; ‘ But love,’ quoth
he, ‘ says truth :

Thy shepherd loves, then, Phillis, what
ensu’th ?’

Phillis was won : she blushed and hung
the head ;

The swain stept to and cheered her
with a kiss :

With faith, with troth, they struck the
matter dead ;

So used they when men thought not
amiss :

This love begun and ended both in one ;
Phillis was loved, and she liked Coridon.

(‘ Perimedes ’ [1588], vii., pp. 91, 92.)



PASTORAL.

The Shepherd's Wife's Song.

Ah, what is love ? It is a pretty thing,

As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,

And sweeter too ;

For kings have cares that wait upon a
crown,

And cares can make the sweetest love to
frown :

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do
gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd
fwain?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at
night,
As merry as a king in his delight,
And merrier too ;
For kings bethink them what the State
require,
Where shepherds careless carol by the
fire :

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do
gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd
fwain ?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to
eat
His cream and curds as doth the king
his meat,
And blither too ;
For kings have often fears when they
do sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in
their cup :
Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do
gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd
swain ?

To bed he goes, as wanton then, I
ween,
As is a king in dalliance with a queen,
More wanton too ;
For kings have many griefs affects* to
move,

Where shepherds have no greater grief
than love :

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do
gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd
swain ?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as
found

As doth the king upon his bed of down,
More founder too ;

For cares cause kings full oft their sleep
to spill,†

Where weary shepherds lie and snort
their fill :

Ah then, ah then,

* *affection.*

† *spoil.*

If country loves such sweet desires do
gain,

What lady would not love a shepherd
swain ?

Thus with his wife he spends the year,
as blithe

As doth the king at every tide or fithe,*
And blither too ;

For kings have wars and broils to take
in hand,

Where shepherds laugh and love upon
the land :

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do
gain,

What lady would not love a shepherd
swain ?



* Query 'tide' = Christmas-tide ? ; 'sithe' not simply 'time,' but = scythe = Harvest ?—G.

*PASTORAL.**Radagon in Dianem.*

It was a valley gaudy-green,
Where Dian at the fount was seen ;

Green it was,

And did 'pafs

All other of Diana's bowers

In the pride of Flora's flowers.

A fount it was that no sun sees,

Circled in with cypress-trees,

Set so nigh

As Phœbus' eye

Could not do the virgins scathe,

To see them naked when they bathe.

She sat there all in white,—

Colour fitting her delight :

Virgins so

Ought to go,

For white in armory is placed

To be the colour that is chaste.

Her taff'ta cassock you might see

Tucked up above her knee ;

Which did shew

There below

Legs as white as whalès-bone ;

So white and chaste were never none.

Hard by her, upon the ground,
Sat her virgins in a round,
 Bathing their
 Golden hair,
And finging all in notes high,
'Fie on Venus' flattering eye !

'Fie on love ! It is a toy ;
Cupid witlefs and a boy ;
 All his fires,
 And defires,
Are plagues that God fent down from
 high,
To pester men with misery.

As thus the virgins did difdain
Lovers' joy and lovers' pain,
 Cupid nigh
 Did efpy,
Grieving at Diana's fong ;
Slyly stole thefe maids among.

His bow of fteel, darts of fire,
He fhott amongst them fweet defire ;
 Which ftraight flies
 In their eyes,
And at the entrance made them ftart,
For it ran from eye to heart.

Calisto straight supposed Jove
Was fair and frolic for to love ;

Dian she

'Scaped not free ;

For well I wot, hereupon

She loved the swain Endymion.

Clytie Phœbus, and Chloris' eye

Thought none so fair as Mercury :

Venus thus

Did discuss,

By her son in darts of fire,

None so chaste to check desire.

Dian rose with all her maids,

Blushing thus at love's braids :*

With sighs, all

Show their thrall ;

And flinging hence pronounce this saw,

'What so strong as love's sweet law ?'

(*'Francisco's Fortunes, or Second Part
of Never too Late'* [1590], viii.,
pp. 212-214.)

* Dyce annotates '*i.e.*, perhaps crafts, de-
ceits (*vide* Steeven's note on "Since French-
men are so *braid*," Shakespeare's "All's Well
that Ends Well," Act IV., Sc. ii.).' But surely
the word is simply 'braids=upbraids or up-
braidings, as 'pass for surpass, 'gan for began,
etc., etc.—G.

PASTORAL.

*Philomela's Ode that she sung in her
Arbour.*

Sitting by a river's fide,
Where a silent stream did glide,
Muse I did of many things
That the mind in quiet brings.
I 'gan think how some men deem
Gold their god ; and some esteem
Honour is the chief content
That to man in life is lent ;
And some others do contend
Quiet none like to a friend ;
Others hold, there is no wealth
Compared to a perfect health ;
Some man's mind in quiet stands
When he is lord of many lands :
But I did sigh, and said all this
Was but a shade of perfect bliss ;
And in my thoughts I did approve
Naught so sweet as is true love.
Love 'twixt lovers, passeth these,
When mouth kisseth and heart 'grees ;
With folded arms and lips meeting,
Each soul another sweetly greeting :
For by the breath the soul fleeteth,
And soul with soul in kissing meeteth !

If love be so sweet a thing
That such happy blifs doth bring,
Happy is love's sugared thrall ;
But unhappy maidens all,
Who esteem your virgin blisses
Sweeter than a wife's sweet kisses.
No such quiet to the mind
As true love with kisses kind :
But if a kifs prove unchaste
Then is true love quite disgraced.

Though love be sweet, learn this
of me,

No love sweet but honesty.

(*'Philomela, the Lady Fitzwalter's Night-
ingale'* [1592], xi., pp. 123, 124.)



PASTORAL.

Philomela's Second Ode.

It was frosty winter-season,
And fair Flora's wealth was geason.*
Meads that erst with green were spread,
With choice flowers diap' red,

* My friend Mr. A. H. Bullen (*'Lyrics from Elizabethan Romances'*) annotates=rare, uncommon. Such is *a* meaning of the word, but not the meaning here. It is=parched, dried up—as a well is said to be geasoned when it is dry.—G.

Had tawny veils ; cold had scanted
What the Spring and Nature planted.
Leafless boughs there might you see,
All except fair Daphne's tree :
On their twigs no birds perched ;
Warmer coverts now they searched ;
And by Nature's secret reason
Framed their voices to the season,
With their feeble tunes bewraying
How they grieved the Spring's decaying.
Frosty Winter thus had gloomed
Each fair thing that Summer bloomed ;
Fields were bare, and trees unclad,
Flowers withered, birds were sad ;
When I saw a shepherd fold
Sheep in cote, to shun the cold ;
Himself sitting on the grass
That with the frost withered was,
Sighing deeply, thus 'gan say ;
' Love is folly when astray :
Like to love no passion such,
For 'tis madness, if too much ;
If too little, then despair ;
If too high, he beats the air
With bootless cries ; if too low,
An eagle matcheth with a crow :
Thence grow jars. Thus I find,
Love is folly, if unkind ;
Yet do men most desire

To be heated with this fire,
Whose flame is so pleasing hot
That they burn, yet feel it not.
Yet hath love another kind,
Worse than these unto the mind ;
That is, when a wanton eye
Leads desire clean awry,
And with the bee doth rejoice
Every minute to change choice ;
Counting he were then in bliss
If that each fair face were his.
Highly thus is love disgrac'd
When the lover is unchaste,
And would taste of fruit forbidden,
'Cause the 'scape is easily hidden.
Though such love be sweet in brewing,
Bitter is the end ensuing ;
For the honour of love he shameth,
And himself with lust defameth ;
For a minute's pleasure-gaining,
Fame and honour ever staining.
Gazing thus so far awry,
Last the chip falls in his eye ;
Then it burns that erst but heat him ;
And his own rod 'gins to beat him ;
His choicest sweets turn to gall ;
He finds lust is sin's thrall ;
That wanton women in their eyes
Men's deceivings do comprise ;

That homage done to fair faces
 Doth dishonour other graces.
 If lawless love be such a sin,
 Curfed is he that lives therein ;
 For the gain of Venus' game
 Is the downfall unto shame.'

Here he paused, and did stay,
 Sighed, and rose, and went away.
 ('Philomela,' xi., pp. 133-135.)



*ISABELL'S ODE.**

Sitting by a river side,
 Where a silent stream did glide,
 Bank'd about with choice flowers,
 Such as spring from April showers,
 When fair Iris smiling shews
 All her riches in her dew :
 Thick-leaved trees so were planted
 As nor Art nor Nature wanted :

* It will be observed that Philomela's Ode, that precedes this, opens with the same couplet. Even my friend Mr. A. H. Bullen seems to have overlooked this Ode because of this, and so omitted it in his selections, etc. ('Lyrics from Elizabethan Romances'), but even he shows by his actual selections perfunctory acquaintance with Greene and others.
 —G.

Bord'ring all the brook with shade
As if Venus there had made
By Flora's wile a curious bower
To dally with her paramour.

At this current as I gaz'd,
Eyes entrapp'd, mind amaz'd ;
I might see in my ken
Such a flame as fireth men :
Such a fire as doth fry
With one blaze both heart and eye :
Such a heat as doth prove
No heat like to heat of love.
Bright she was, for 'twas a she
That traced her steps towards me ;
On her head she wore a bay,
To fence Phœbus' light away :
In her face one might descry
The curious beauty of the sky ;
Her eyes carried darts of fire,
Feather'd all with swift desire ;
Yet forth these fiery darts did pass
Pearled tears as bright as glass ;
That wonder 'twas in her eyne
Fire and water should combine :
If th' old saw did not borrow
Fire is love and water sorrow.
Down she fate, pale and sad,
No mirth in her looks she had :
Face and eyes showed distress,

Inward sighs discourf'd no less :
Head on hand might I see,
Elbow leanèd on her knee ;
Last she breathed out this saw,
' Oh, that love hath no law !'
Love enforceth with constraint,
Love delighteth in complaint ;
Whofo loves hates his life,
For love's peace is mind's strife ;
Love doth feed on beauty's fare,
Every dish sauc'd with care :
Chiefly women, reason why,
Love is hatch'd in their eye ;
Thence it steppeth to the heart,
There it poisoneth every part :
Mind and heart, eye and thought,
Till sweet love their woes hath wrought:
Then repentant they 'gan cry,
' Oh, my heart that trow'd* mine eye !'
Thus she said, and then she rose,
Face and mind both full of woes ;
Flinging thence, with this saw,
Fie on love that hath no law.

(' Never too Late,' viii., pp. 50-52.)



* *trusted, held for true.*

*PASTORAL.**Francesco's Ode.*

When I look about the place
Where sorrow nurseth up disgrace ;
Wrapt within a fold of cares,
Whose distress no heart spares :
Eyes might look, but see no light,
Heart might think but on despite :
Sun did shine, but not on me,
Sorrow said it may not be,
That heart or eye should once possess
Any salve to cure distress :
For men in prison must suppose
Their couches are the beds of woes.
Seeing this I sighèd then,
Fortune thus should punish men.
But when I call'd to mind her face
For whose love I brook this place ;
Starry eyes, whereat my sight
Did eclipse with much delight ;
Eyes that lighten and do shine,
Beams of love that are divine ;
Lily cheeks whereon beside
Buds of roses shew their pride ;
Cherry lips, which did speak
Words that made all hearts to break :
Words most sweet, for breath was sweet ;

Such perfume for love is meet.
 Precious words, as hard to tell
 Which more pleased, wit or smell :
 When I saw my greatest pains
 Grow for her that beauty stains ;
 Fortune thus I did reprove.—
 Nothing grievous grows from Love.
(Ibid., pp. 62-63.)

*PASTORAL.**Doron's Fig.*

Through the shrubs as I 'gan crack
 For my lamb's little ones,
 'Mongst many pretty ones,
 Nymphs I mean, whose hair was black
 As the crow :
 Like the snow
 Her face and brows shin'd, I ween ;
 I saw a little one,
 A bonny pretty one,
 As bright, buxom, and as sheen
 As was she
 On her knee,

That lull'd the god, whose arrows warms:
 Such merry little ones,
 Such fair-fac'd pretty ones,
 As dally in Love's chiefest harms ;
 Such was mine ;
 Whose gray eyne
 Made me love. I 'gan to woo
 This sweet little one,
 This bonny pretty one ;
 I woo'd hard a day or two ;
 Till she bad,
 Be not fad ;
 Woo no more, I am thine own,
 Thy dearest little one,
 Thy truest pretty one ;
 Thus was faith and firm love shown,
 As behoves
 Shepherds' loves.
 (' Menaphon ' [1589], vi., pp. 69, 70.)



PERSEVERANCE WINS.

I now, quoth she, both see and try
 by experience, that there is no fish so
 fickle but will come to the bait ; no
 doe so wild but will stand at the gaze* ;

* *staring.*

no hawk so haggard* but will stoop to the lure ; no nieffe† so ramage‡ but will be reclaimed to the lunes ; no fruit so fine but the caterpillar will consume it ; no adamant§ so hard but will yield to the file ; . . . no maid so free but love will bring her to bondage and thralldom. (‘ Card of Fancy ’ [1587], iv., p. 120.) [On the word ‘ lunes ’ the Shakespeare student will do well to consult a full note in Works, vol. ii., pp. 330-333, and Glossarial Index (in vol. xv.)—one of multiplied instances of Greene’s words and phrasing shedding light on obscurities and cruxes of Shakespeare.—G.]



WORD-PORTRAITS.

Ovid.

Quaint was Ovid in his rhyme,
 Chiefest poet of his time :
 What he could in words rehearse
 Ended in a pleasing verse :

* *untrained.*

† *hawk.*

‡ *wild.*

§ *diamond.*

Apollo with his aye-green bays
Crown'd his head to show his praise ;
And all the Muses did agree
He should be theirs, and none but he.

This Poet chanted all of Love,
Of Cupid's wings and Venus' dove ;
Of fair Corinna and her hue,
Of white and red and veins blue.
How they lov'd and how they 'greed,
And how in fancy they did speed.

His Elegies were wanton all,
Telling of Love's pleasing thrall,
And 'cause he would the Poet seem,
That best of Venus' laws could deem,
Strange precepts he did impart,
And writ three books of Love's art ;
There he taught how to woo,
What in love men should do ; -
How they might soonest win
Honest women unto sin :
Thus to tellen all the truth
He infected Rome's youth,
And with his books and verses brought
That men in Rome nought else sought
But how to 'tangle maid or wife,
With honour's breach through wanton
life ;
The foolish sort did for his skill
Praise the deepness of his quill,

And like to him said there was none
Since died old Anacreon.
But Rome's Augustus, world's wonder,
Brook'd not of this foolish blunder ;
Nor lik'd he of this wanton verse
That Love's laws did rehearse ;
For well he saw and did espy
Youth was fore impair'd thereby ;
And by experience he finds
Wanton books infect the minds ;
Which made him straight for reward,
Though the censure* seem'd hard
To banish Ovid quite from Rome,
This was great Augustus' doom ;
For (quoth he) Poets' quills
Ought not for to teach men ills ;
For learning is a thing of praise,
To show precepts to make men wise ;
And near the Muses' sacred places
Dwells the virtuous-minded graces.
'Tis shame and sin, then, for good wits
To show their skill in wanton fits.
This Augustus did reply.
And as he said, so think I.

(' Greene's Vision ' [1592], xii., pp.
199-201.)



* *judgment.*

The Description of Sir Geoffrey Chaucer.

His stature was not very tall ;
 Lean he was ; his legs were small,
 Hosed within a stock of red ;
 A button'd bonnet on his head,
 From under which did hang, I ween,
 Silver hairs both bright and sheen ;
 His beard was white, trimmèd round,
 His countenance blithe and merry
 found :

A fleeveless jacket large and wide,
 With many plaits and skirts' side,
 Of water chamlet* did he wear
 A whittell† by his belt he bear.
 His shoes were corned,‡ broad before ;
 His inkhorn at his side he wore ;
 And in his hand he bore a book ;
 Thus did this ancient poet look.

(*Ibid.*, pp. 209-210.)



* camel's hair cloth, rain-proof.—G.

† clasp-knife.

‡ projecting=cornered.

John Gower.

Large he was, his height was long ;
Broad of breast, his limbs were strong ;
But colour pale, and wan his look,—
Such have they that plyen their book :
His head was gray and quaintly shorn ;
Neatly was his beard worn ;
His visage grave, stern and grim,—
Cato was most like to him.
His bonnet was a hat of blue,
His sleeves straight, of that same hue ;
A furcoat* of a tawny dye,
Hung in plaits over his thigh ;
A breech close unto his dock,
Handsom'd with a long stock ;
Pricked before were his shoon,
He wore such as others doon :
A bag of red by his side,
And by that his napkin tied :
Thus John Gower did appear,
Quaint attirèd, as you hear.

(*Ibid.*, p. 210.)



* *outer garment.*

Solomon.

His stature tall, large, and high,
 Limb'd and featur'd beauteously ;
 Chest was broad, arms were strong,
 Locks of amber passing long,
 That hung and wav'd upon his neck,
 Heaven's beauty might they check.
 Visage fair and full of grace,
 Mild and stern, for in one place
 Sate Mercy meekly in his eye,
 And justice in his looks hard by :
 His robes of bisse* were crimson hue,
 Bordered round with twines of blue :
 In Tyre no richer silk fold,
 Over-braided all with gold ;
 Costly set with precious stone,
 Such before I ne'er saw none :
 A massy crown upon his head,
 Chequer'd through with rubies red ;
 Orient pearl and bright topaz†
 Did burnish out each valiant place :
 Thus this Prince that seemèd sage
 Did go in royal equipage.

(*Ibid.*, p. 275.)



* *fine silk.*

† *topaz.*

POTATOES.

[Licentiousness works wastefully] . . . the apothecaries would have surphaling water and potato roots lie dead on their hands. ('Disputation between a Hee and Shee Conny-Catcher [1592], x., 234.) [Surphaling, *i.e.*, a cosmetic wash. It is odd to find potatoes in apothecaries' shops. They were then held to be provocatives. They had not long been introduced into England.—G.]



TIME.

In time we see the silver drops
 The craggy stones make soft ;
 The slowest snail in time we see
 Doth creep and climb aloft.
 With feeble puffs the tallest pine
 In tract of time doth fall ;
 The hardest heart in time doth yield
 To Venus' luring call.
 Where chilling frost late did nip
 There flasheth now a fire ;
 Where deep disdain bred noisome hate,
 There kindleth now desire.

Time causeth hope to have his hap :
What care in time not eased ?
In time I loathed that now I love ;
In both content and pleased.
(*'Arbusto'* [1584], iii., p. 248.)

*THE TONGUE.*

It seemeth (saith Bias) that Nature by fortifying the tongue would teach how precious and necessary a virtue silence is ; for she hath placed before it the bulwark of the teeth, that if it will not obey reason, which being within ought to serve instead of a bridle to stay it from preventing the thoughts, we might restrain and chastise such impudent babbling by biting. And, therefore, saith he, we have two eyes and two ears, that thereby we may learn to hear and see much more than is spoken.

(*'Penelope's Web,'* v., p. 221.)



Invective on Contemporaries.

I am not ignorant how eloquent our gowned age is grown of late ; so that every mechanical mate abhors the English he was born to, and plucks with a solemn periphrasis his *ut vales* from the inkhorn ; which I impute not so much to the perfection of arts as to the servile imitation of vainglorious tragedians, who contend not so seriously to excel in action as to embowel the clouds in a speech of comparison ; thinking themselves more than initiated in poets' immortality if they but once get Boreas by the beard and the heavenly Bull by the dew-lap. But herein I cannot so fully bequeath them to folly as their idiot art-masters, that intrude themselves to our ears as the alchymists of eloquence : who (mounted on the stage of arrogance) think to outbrave better pens with the swelling bombast of a bragging blank verse. Indeed, it may be the ingrafted overflow of some kil-cow* conceit, that overcloyeth their imagination with a more than drunken resolution, being not extemporal in the

* = a butcher—query a disguised gird at Shakespeare the wool-stapler's son?—G.

invention of any other means to vent their manhood, commits the digestion of their choleric encumbrances to the spacious volubility of a drumming decasillabon. 'Mongst this kind of men that repose eternity in the mouth of a player, I can but engross some deep-read grammarians, who having no more learning in their skull than will serve to take up a commodity, nor art in their brain, than was nourished in a serving-man's idleness, will take upon them to be the ironical censors of all, when God and Poetry doth know, they are the simplest of all. To leave these to the mercy of their mother-tongue, that feed on nought but the crumbs that fall from the translator's trencher, I come (sweet friend) to thy Arcadian 'Menaphon.' . . . (Nashe's Epistle to the Gentlemen Students of both Universities . . . prefixed to 'Menaphon' [1589], vi., pp. 9, 10.) [This is given to show Nashe's fellow-feeling with Greene.—G.]



TRAVELS.

In my opinion the fittest kind of life for a young gentleman to take (who as yet hath not subdued the youthful conceits of fancy nor made a conquest of his will by wit) is to spend his time in travel; wherein he shall find both pleasure and profit: yea, and buy that by experience which otherwise with all the treasure in the world he cannot purchase. For what changeth vanity to virtue, stayless wit to stayed wisdom, fond fantasies to firm affections, but travel? What represseth the rage of youth and redresseth the witless fury of wanton years, but travel? What turneth a secure life to a careful living? What maketh the foolish wise? yea, what increaseth wit and augmenteth skill, but travel? in so much that the same Ulysses won was not by the ten years he lay at Troy, but by the time he spent in travel.

(‘Card of Fancy’ [1587], iv., p. 19.)



USURY.

Enter the Usurer solus with a halter in one hand, a dagger in the other.

Groaning in conscience, burdened with
my crimes,
The hell of sorrow haunts me up and
down ;
Tread where I list, methinks the bleed-
ing ghosts
Of those whom my corruption brought
to nought,
Do serve for stumbling-blocks before
my steps ;
The fatherless and widow wronged by
me,
The poor oppress'd by my usury ;
Methinks I see their hands rear'd up to
heaven,
To cry for vengeance of my covetousness.
Wherefo I walk, all sigh and shun my
way ;
Thus I am made a monster of the world ;
Hell gapes for me, heaven will not hold
my soul.
You mountains, shroud me from the
God of truth ;
Methinks I see Him fit to judge the
earth ;

See how He blots me out of the book of
life:

Oh burden more than Ætna, that I
bear.

Cover me, hills, and shroud me from the
Lord;

Swallow me, Lycus, shield me from the
Lord.

In life no peace; each murmuring that
I hear

Methinks the sentence of damnation
sounds,

‘Die, reprobate, and hie thee hence to
hell.’

(‘A Looking-glass for London and
England’ [1594], xiv., pp. 97, 98.)



VENGEANCE IMploRED.

*Prince Aga, his eyes put out and hands
cut off by Acomat.*

. . . Oh Thou supreme Architect of all,
First Mover of those tenfold crystal orbs,
Where all those moving and unmoving
eyes

Behold Thy goodness everlastingly ;
See, unto Thee I lift these bloody arms :
For hands I have not for to lift to Thee ;
And in Thy justice dart thy smould'ring
flame

Upon the head of cursèd Acomat.
Oh cruel heavens and injurious fates !
Even the last refuge of a wretched man
Is took from me ; for how can Aga
weep ?

Or run a brinish shower of pearled tears,
Wanting the watery cisterns of his eyes ?

Come, lead me back again to Bajazet,
The wofullest and saddest ambassador
That ever was despatched to any king.
(' Selimus,' xiv., p. 247.)

*VENUS AND ADONIS.*

In Cyprus sat fair Venus by a fount,
Wanton Adonis toying on her knee ;
She kissed the wag, her darling of
account ;
The boy 'gan blush ; which when his
lover see,

She smiled, and told him love might
challenge debt,
And he was young, and might be wanton
yet.

The boy waxed bold, fired by fond desire,
That woo he could and court her
with conceit :

Reason spied this, and fought to quench
the fire

With cold disdain ; but wily Adon
straight

Cheered up the flame, and said : ‘ Good
fir, what let ?*’

I am but young, and may be wanton
yet.’

Reason replied, that beauty was a bane
To such as feed their fancy with fond
love ;

That when sweet youth with lust is
overta’en,

It rues in age ; this could not Adon
move,

For Venus taught him still this rest to
set,†

That he was young, and might be
wanton yet.

* *hindrance.*

† a term used in the game of primero.—G.

Where Venus strikes with beauty to the
quick,

It little 'vails sage Reason to reply ;
Few are the cures for such as are love-
sick,

But love : then, though I wanton it
awry,

And play the wag, from Adon this I
get,—

I am but young, and may be wanton yet.
(‘ Perimedes the Blacksmith ’ [1588],
vii., pp. 88, 89.)

*ADONIS REPROVED.*

The firen Venus nouriced* in her lap,
Fair Adon, swearing whiles he was a
youth

He might be wanton ; note his after-
hap,

The guerdon that such lawless lust
ensu'th ;

So long he followed flattering Venus'
lore,

Till, silly lad, he perished by a boar.†

* *nursed.*

† the classical myth.—G.

Mars in his youth did court this lusty
dame ;

He won her love ; what might his
fancy let ?*

He was but young : at last unto his
shame

Vulcan entrapped them slyly in a net ;
And called the gods to witness as a truth
A lecher's fault was not excused by
youth.

If crooked age accounteth youth his
Spring,

The Spring, the fairest season of the
year ;

Enriched with flowers, and sweets, and
many a thing

That fair and gorgeous to the eyes
appear ;

It fits that youth, the Spring of man,
should be

'Riched with such flowers as virtue
yieldeth thee.

(*Ibid.*, vii., pp. 89, 90.)



* *hinder.*

VENUS VICTRIX.

Mars in a fury 'gainst Love's brightest
Queen,
Put on his helm, and took to him his
lance ;
On Erycinus Mount* was Mavors seen,
And there his ensigns did the god
advance ;
And by heaven's greatest gates he stoutly
swore,
Venus should die, for she had wronged
him fore.

Cupid heard this, and he began to cry,
And wished his mother's absence for
awhile :
'Peace, fool,' quoth Venus ; 'Is it I
must die ?
Must it be, Mars ?' With that she
coined a smile ;
She trimmed her tresses, and did curl
her hair,
And made her face with beauty passing
fair.

* The mountain from which Venus received
the name of Erycina was Eryx. But Greene
and his contemporaries spelled Erycinus.—G.

A fan of silver feathers in her hand,
And in a coach of ebony she went :
She passed the place where furious Mars
did stand,
And out her looks a lovely smile she
sent ;
Then from her brows leaped out so
sharp a frown,
That Mars for fear threw all his armour
down.

He vowed repentance for his rash mis-
deed,
Blaming his choler that had caused
his woe :
Venus grew gracious, and with him
agreed,
But charged him not to threaten
beauty so ;
For women's looks are such enchanting
charms
As can subdue the greatest god in
arms.

(‘Ciceronis Amor’ [1589], vii., pp.
133, 134.)



WOMAN.

Discourteous women, Nature's fairest ill,
The woe of man, that first created curse,
Base female sex, sprung from black Ates'
loins,

Proud and disdainful, cruel and unjust ;
Whose words are shaded with enchant-
ing wiles

Worse than Medusa, mateth* all our
minds :

And in their heart fits shameless treachery,
Turning a truthless, vile circumference.

O, could my fury paint their furies
forth !

For hell's no hell, comparèd to their
hearts ;

Too simple devils to conceal their arts ;
Born to be plagues unto the thoughts
of men ;

Brought for eternal pestilence to the
world.

(*'Orlando Furioso,'* xiii., pp. 149, 150.)



* *confounds.*

Woman—compared to a Rose.

Marry, . . . I can aptly compare a woman to a Rose : for as we cannot enjoy the fragrant smell of the one without sharp prickles, so we cannot possess the virtues of the other without shrewish conditions ; and yet neither the one nor the other can well be forborne, for they are necessary evils. (' Morando ' [1587], iii., p. 101.)

*Comparisons Descriptive of a Fair Woman (Sephestia).*

All this while Menaphon fate amongst the shrubs, fixing his eyes on the glorious object of her face : he noted her tresses, which he compared to the coloured hyacinth of Arcadia ; her brows to the mountain snows that lie on the hills ; her eyes to the gray glister of Titan's gorgeous mantle ; her alabaster neck to the whiteness of his flocks ; her teeth to pearl ; her face to borders of lilies interseamed with roses : to be brief, our

shepherd Menaphon, that heretofore was an atheist to love, and as the Theſſalian of Bacchus, ſo he, a contemner of Venus, was now by the wily ſhaft of Cupid ſo entangled in the perfection and beauteous excellence of Sepheſtia, as now he ſwore no benign planet but Venus, no god but Cupid, nor exquisite deity but Love. ('Menaphon' [1589], vi., p. 49.)



An only Daughter.

One only daughter of ſuch excellent exquisite perfection as Nature in her ſeemed to wonder at her own works. Her hair was like the ſhine of Apollo, when, ſhaking his glorious trefſes, he makes the world beauteous with his brightneſs. The ivory of her face overdaſhed with a vermillion dye, ſeemed like the bluſh that leapt from Endymion's cheeks when Cynthia courts him on the hills of Latmos. ('Ciceronis Amor' [1589], vii., pp. 105, 106.)



*THE YEOMAN AND PEASANTRY
OF OLD ENGLAND.**

Enter the Justice, a townsman [of Wakefield], George a Greene, and Sir Nicholas Mannering with his commission.

Justice. Master Mannering, stand aside
whilst we confer
What is best to do. Townsmen of
Wakefield,
The Earl of Kendal here hath sent for
viñtuals,
And in aiding him we show ourselves
no less
Than traitors to the king : therefore
Let me hear, townsmen, what is your
consents.

First townsman. Even as you please,
we are all content.

Justice. Then, Master Mannering, we
are resolved.

Man. As how ?

Justice. Marry, Sir, thus.—
We will send the Earl of Kendal no
viñtuals,

* Greene's portrayal of country life and siding with the commonalty is extremely noticeable. See Life prefixed to his Works, as before.—G.

Because he is a traitor to the king ;
And in aiding him we'd show ourselves
no less.

Man. Why, men of Wakefield, are
you waxen mad,
That present danger cannot whet your
wits,
Wisely to make provision of yourselves ?
The Earl is thirty thousand men, strong
in power,
And what town so ever him resist
He lays it flat and level with the ground :
Ye silly men, you seek your own decay :
Therefore send my lord such provision
as he wants,
So he will spare your town .
And come no nearer Wakefield than he is.

Justice. Master Mannering, you have
your answer,
You may be gone.

Man. Well, Woodroffe, for so I guess
is thy name,
I'll make thee curse thy overthwart
denial ;
And all that sit upon the bench this day
Shall rue the hour they have withstood
My Lord's commission.

Justice. Do thy worst, we fear thee
not.

Man. See you these seals? Before
you pass the town
I will have all things my lord doth
want,
In spite of you.

George a Greene. Proud dapper Jack,
vail bonnet to the bench
That represents the person of the king;
Or, firrha, I'll lay thy head before thy
feet.

Man. Why, who art thou?

George. Why, I am George a Greene,
True liegeman to my king;
Who scorns that men of such esteem as
these,
Should brook the braves of any traitorous
squire:
You of the bench, and you, my fellow
friends,
Neighbours, are subjects all unto the
king;
We are English born, and therefore
Edward's friends,
Vowed unto him even in our mother's
womb;
Our minds to God, our hearts unto our
king,
Our wealth, our homage, and our car-
casses,

Be all King Edward's : then, firrha, we
have
Nothing left for traitors but our fwords,
Whetted to bathe them in your bloods,
and die

'Gainst you, before we send you any
viñtuals.

Justice. Well spoken, George a
Greene.

First townsman. Pray let George a
Greene speak for us.

George. Sirrha, you get no viñtuals
here,

Not if a hoof of beef would save your
lives.

Man. Fellow, I stand amaz'd at thy
presumption :

Why, what art thou that darest gainfay
my lord,

Knowing his mighty puiffance and his
stroke ?

Why, my friend, I come not barely of
myself ;

For fee, I have a large commiffion.

George. Let me fee it, firrha.

[*Takes the commiffion.*]

Whose feals be thefe ?

Man. This is the Earl of Kendal's
feal at arms ;

This Lord Charnel Bonfield's ;
And this Sir Gilbert Armstrong's.

George. I tell thee, firrha, did good
King Edward's son
Seal a commission 'gainst the King his
father,

Thus would I tear it in despite of him.
[*He tears the commission.*]

Being traitor to my sovereign.

Man. What ? Hast thou torn my
lord's commission ?
Thou shalt rue it, and so shall all Wake-
field.

George. What, are you in choler ? I
will give you pills
To cool your stomach. Seest thou these
seals ?

Now by my father's foul,
Which was a yeoman when he was alive ;
Eat them, or eat my dagger's point,
proud squire.

Man. But thou dost but jest, I hope.

George. Sure that shall you see before
we two part.

Man. Well, an' there be no remedy,
so, George.

[*Swallows one of the seals.*]
One is gone : I pray thee no more
now.

George. O, Sir,
If one be good, the others cannot
hurt ;

So, Sir.

[*Mannering swallows the other two seals.*
Now you may go and tell the Earl of
Kendal,

Although I have rent his large com-
mission,

Yet of courtesy I have sent all his seals
Back again by you.

Man. Well, Sir, I will do your errand.
[*Exit.*

George. Now let him tell his lord,
that he hath spoke
With George a Greene,
Hight Pinner of merry Wakefield town ;
That hath phyfic for a fool,
Pills for a traitor, that doth wrong his
sovereign :
Are you content with this that I have
done ?

Justice. Ay, content, George :
For highly hast thou honoured Wakefield
town,
In cutting of proud Mannering so
short.
Come, thou shalt be my welcome guest
to-day ;

For well thou hast deserved reward and
favour. [*Exeunt omnes.*

(‘The Pinner of Wakefield’ [1599],
xiv., pp. 124-129.)



YOUTH DEGENERATE.

Youth, which in the golden age delighted to try their virtues in hard armours, take their only content in delicate and effeminate amours. (‘*Planetomachia*’ [1585], v., p. 39.)



WOMAN'S EYES.

A Question.

On women Nature did bestow two eyes,
Like heaven's bright lamps in match-
less beauty shining ;
Whose beams do soonest captivate the
wife
And wary heads made rare by Art's
refining.
But why did Nature in her choice
combining

Plant two fair eyes within a beauteous
face?

That they might favour two with equal
grace.

Venus did soothe up Vulcan with one eye,
With th' other granted Mars his
wishèd glee;

If she did so who Hymen did defy,
Think love no sin but grant an eye
to me;

In vain else Nature gave two stars to
thee:

If then two eyes may well two friends
maintain,

Allow of two, and prove not Nature
vain.

(*'Philomela'* [1592], xi., p. 142.

Answer.

Nature foreseeing how men would de-
vise

More wiles than Proteus, women to
entice,

Granted them two, and those bright
shining eyes,

To pierce into men's faults if they
were wise;

For they with show of virtue mask
their vice:

Therefore to women's eyes belong these
 gifts,
 The one must love, the other see men's
 shifts.
 Both these await upon one simple heart,
 And what they choose, it hides up
 without change.
 The emerald will not with his portrait
 part,
 Nor will a woman's thoughts delight
 to range ;
 They hold it bad to have so bad
 exchange.
 One heart, one friend, though that two
 eyes do choose him
 No more but one, and heart will never
 lose him.

(*Ibid.*, p. 149.)



*THE DEAD WIFE SOON
FORGOTTEN.*

Lambert. Why, Serlsby, is thy wife so
 lately dead ?
 Are all thy loves so lightly passed over,
 As thou canst wed before the year be
 out ?

Serlsby. I live not, Lambert, to content the dead,
Nor was I wedded but for life to her ;
The grave ends and begins a married state.

(‘ Friar Bacon,’ xiii., p. 70.)

THE END.



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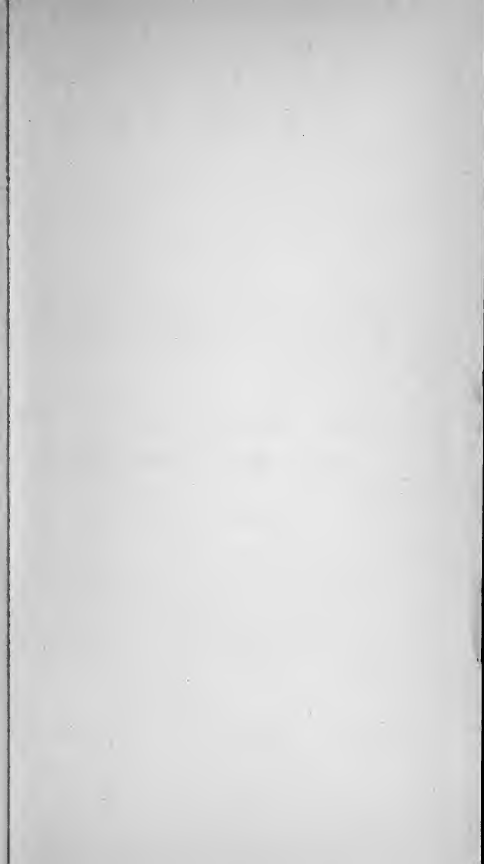
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